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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY



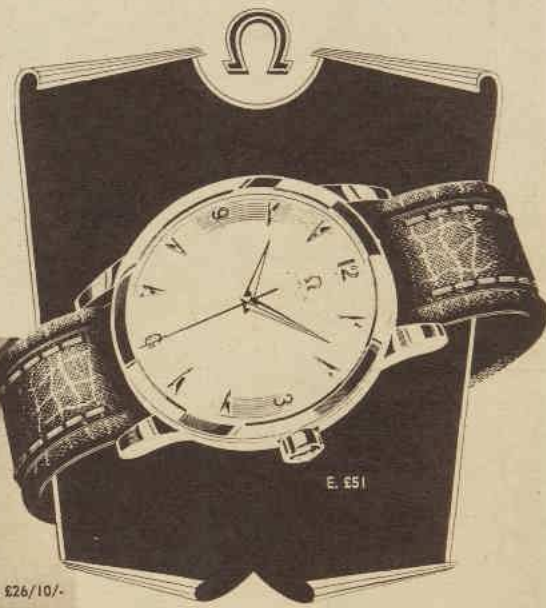
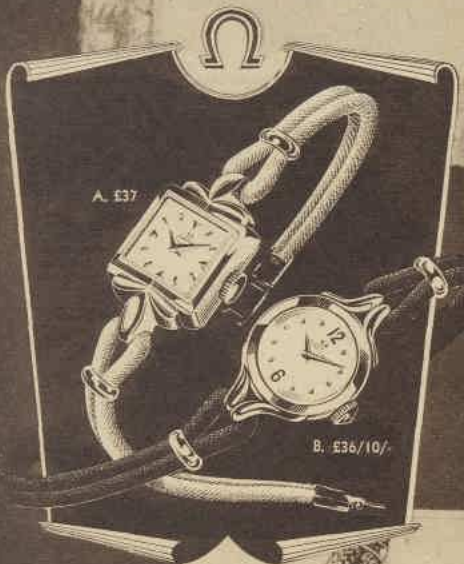
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A MERRY CHRISTMAS





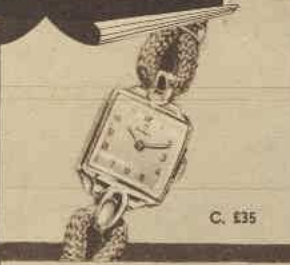
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# Forty five Yards of Red Ribbon

By M. WALKER

ILLUSTRATED BY  
RON LASKIE

**I**UR mother was a believing woman. She believed in ghosts and fairies and guardian angels; she believed that one day Father would invent something so sensational that it would make us all very rich.

Meanwhile, whenever we were in the financial doldrums, which was often, she believed in the inevitability of something turning up. She did not simply sit down and wait for things to turn up, she was always willing to give Providence a helping hand by looking in likely places.

Her favorite place for looking was the attic. She believed very strongly in the attic, and not altogether without reason. From among its treasures my brothers, Jonathan and Simon, were provided at different times with three fishing rods, one tent, one pair of patent-leather pumps, one straw hat, and two terrible old deerstalkers—in which they stalked everything and everybody in the Holmes manner through the entire length of one summer holiday.

My own spoils included a large leather-bound diary and a frilly blue dress with a real bustle that won me a prize at a fancy-dress party.

The reason the attic was so full of possibilities was that it had housed the overflow possessions of Mother's family for many generations. They were what is called a "good" family, and once, long ago, they had been a rich family, too.

All that was left of both the family and their possessions was Mother's cousin Jonathan, after whom the elder of the twins was named, and Mother, of course, and the tumbledown house we lived in. The only traces of the family's glory were the strange heraldic beasts which appeared in yellow-and-blue glass in some of the windows and again in plain engraving on the remaining spoons and forks.

When I speculated sometimes about the woman who had worn my blue dress, or the one, long before, who had used the guffering iron, I could only imagine them as large-eyed, dark-haired, romantic—like Mother, in fact.

The men, I supposed, must have been like cousin Jonathan, unsympathetic, formal, and earth-bound. They spoilt the past for me, and took away my family pride, for cousin Jonathan was a hard man and in no way lovable. He was a barrister in London, and came to see us only twice a year, for one short week-end in June and again just before Christmas.

On the Christmas visit he would bring three books of an improving nature, one each for the twins and one for me, but nothing for Mother: I guess he was still punishing her for marrying Father.

Father was different in every possible way from cousin Jonathan. He was a short man, with crinkly gold hair and darting bright green eyes. He was half Irish and half Hungarian, and he was witty and generous and very clever.

He worked in one of our old kitchens, producing beautifully detailed inventions which were very highly thought of, but unfortunately seldom suitable for mass production. He was none of your mad eccentrics, shaking the house with test-tube antics in the cellar.

He was workmanlike, scientific, and brilliantly ingenious. He sold his inventions for respectable sums and kept his family fed and clothed: it was only that sometimes it was rather a long time between inventions.

Father and Mother were ideally suited. They both lived in a world where the so-called impossible was a commonplace; they both regarded life as something to be made up as they went along, they saw but never accepted the world's shortcomings: there was no such thing for them as making do, it was always making over.

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*"How I missed it before I simply don't know," Mother said, letting the ribbon run through her hands.*





# Christmas in New York

By  
**ELIZABETH  
DANIEL**

**W**ITHOUT doubt, New York was the most wonderful city in the world on Christmas Eve, Nora thought as she battled her way to the Fifties against sharp gusts of wind from the river.

The traffic roared and screeched and boomed around her, gaily colored delivery trucks snarling their way through sleek, pompous saloons whose high-powered gears screamed at the changes in the traffic lights; yellow and red taxis nosing through them and inching their way ahead, with the throb of powerful throttles and the grind of sudden brakes.

Along Fifth Avenue the huge department stores were open late for the last-minute shopping, each vying with the other in splendor. On every floor there was a different design of Christmas decoration, merchandise was displayed on elaborately decorated counters, flowers and holly and paper streamers and fairy lights ran riot on the walls.

Broadway outdid the rest of the city in its gaudy display. You could read a newspaper anywhere on Broadway at night—lights glared in every direction, the sky was the limit.

The shops were always open till midnight here and all the time the restless, shifting mob of people hurried from the mouths of the subways, poured from cinemas and theatres, in and out of restaurants.

She had had an impulse to go to the top of the Empire State Building to-night, and see the city spread hundreds of feet below her like a sequined scarf. She could imagine how it would look with the streets and avenues criss-crossed symmetrically in diamond lights from one end of Manhattan to the other.

But she was tired after the real physical effort of making her way through the shops, and walking, amazed and thrilled like a child, down the shimmering, garish street.

She had gone, instead, along Park Avenue. Here there was a sense of peace, though the traffic

boomed and thundered, but the avenue was like an oasis in the dazzling desert of New York, with its trees rustling mysteriously and its tall, elegant buildings silently climbing to the stars.

All the way along the Avenue, at intervals, were the famous Christmas trees, glowing with tiny, colored lights, beautiful and stately, peaceful and more reminiscent of Christmas than all the rush and fuss of the shops and streets.

A lump came into her throat as she stopped to look up at one of them, remembering how in London to-night the lights would be lit on the big tree outside St. Paul's. There it would be truly peaceful, for the City would be silent and lulled after the tide of office workers had flowed to Cannon Street and London Bridge.

A tear rolled down her cheek as homesickness washed over her in a desperate wave. It would be eleven o'clock at home now, and her mother would be waiting for the kettle to boil on the stove for her bottle, while Dad locked up for the night and wound the grandfather clock in the hall.

Nora had been here six months now, and she was beginning to get a sort of claustrophobia. She had come over on the exchange of teachers scheme, and at first everything had been so exciting, so different, that she had had no time to feel anything but wonder and pleasure.

She had been welcomed and fêted as if she were a visiting

film star instead of a young, shy schoolteacher. It was impossible to feel unhappy or homesick in the warmth of the welcome she had received from everyone. She had been accepted into the homes of her pupils, had quickly come to know several English girls married to Americans, and had soon made quite a circle of friends.

It had been hard to settle to work at first, but even that was exciting too, with all the differences in routine and method, and the children themselves, so different, so uninhibited, so amazingly dressed in garments of such odd shapes and colors.

Now she was used to the noise, the pace of the city. She was beginning to tire of lushness, of exaggerated living. She was beginning to find the food too monotonously rich, the sweets too sweet, the lights too bright, everything too big, too glittering.

She was beginning to long for the small shabbiness of everyday life in England, missing the commonplace routine of her arrival home in the evenings, the sharing of the day with her mother, helping to get supper by the time her father returned from his Civil Service job.

A loving smile curved her mouth now as she turned to face the river. To-morrow she was going to telephone them, to wish them A Merry Christmas.

She had kept the day free especially for this. Several people had asked her to spend Christmas at their homes, but she had wanted to be alone to telephone her parents. So she was spending Christmas Day in the small hotel near Washington Square where she lived.

To-night she was a baby-sitter.

One of her new friends, Pauline Steiber, was an English girl who had married an American she met during the war in England. She and Nora had quickly become friends, and Nora suspected Pauline was miserably homesick for England though she wouldn't for the world have admitted it.

She adored her husband, Dale, and their three-year-old daughter, Carol, and she had become very Americanised, even speaking with a quite unaffected American accent.

Pauline had mentioned casually that they were cancelling a party because their usual sitter had let them down.

"Do come around and eat with us," she had urged Nora. "It'll be so flat not being able to go after we had set our hearts on it; you'll cheer us up."

"I've a better idea," Nora had said. "Let me sit with Carol while you go to the party. I'd love it, truly, if you'll trust me with her."

"My dear, it's angel of you," Pauline replied, her eyes brightening, "but I wouldn't dream of letting you. Your first Christmas Eve in America, sitting alone! Nonsense!"

But her voice sounded wistful, and in the end Nora had convinced her that she would really enjoy a quiet evening writing home, reading, and watching the television.

So now she was on her way, feeling rather tired and depressed.

"We'll be home about ten," Pauline had promised. "We have to trim the tree and fill Carol's stocking, and we can all have a snack and a nightcap together before Dale drives you home."

The apartment was not in a fashionable district, but it was large and spacious, with big windows and high ceilings. Nora thought it far nicer than many a more elaborate one she had visited, with overpowering heating and air conditioning, and no windows to be thrown open.

As she drew nearer the apartment house, the wind sharpened and sleety rain needed her face. She loved walking, but in the cold and the darkness of this quiet street she felt lost and forlorn, and hurried her steps towards the canopied doorway, longing suddenly for the reassurance of light and warmth and friendly voices.

Christmas belonged to quietness, to families. Without a family there was no Christmas.

Don't be sentimental, Nora, she reminded herself sharply. You're a big girl now. You'll be with your own family every other Christmas. This is your chance to see it in a different setting. Take it and enjoy it.

But she wished she had accepted one of those kind invitations now. Perhaps Pauline would insist that she stayed the night. She half hoped so, and the thought cheered her as she pressed the button for the elevator.

As Pauline opened the door of the apartment the exciting tumult of family life burst upon Nora.

From the bathroom came the splash and gurgle of the shower and Dale's rich baritone as he sang lustily. The television set squeaked and blared as Carol sat in front of it, knees drawn up to her chin, eyes rapt, watching a programme which had something to do with robots and mechanical men.

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ILLUSTRATED BY  
LEONARD GREEN



"Who are you?"  
asked Nora  
rather sharply.



# Adventuress at Large

By MARGERY SHARP

ILLUSTRATED BY DALGLEISH

**IT** is not glamor but the excellent adjoining golf course which always draws PROFESSOR BROCARD, with his wife, JANET, and friend CHARLES HARBIN, to spend his annual holidays at the expensive and pretentious Fort Flag Hotel.

While the two men play golf, Janet enjoys unaccustomed relaxation, and amuses herself by quiet study of her fellow-guests.

This year, they include a beauty queen and a film starlet, but these two are put in the shade by lovely TANYA DUVAL, the last word in glamorous sophistication, who is obviously in quest of a wealthy husband.

She has, in the Professor's words, already "nobbled" a young man called TOMMY, when a far more worthy quarry appears on the scene. This is MR. COOK, millionaire master plumber.

But, as Janet soon discovers, Mr. Cook is amazingly shy and unsophisticated. He takes refuge in friendship with her, talking mostly of his mother, his humble childhood, and early struggles. He seems unaware of Tanya's existence. NOW READ ON:

ON the second Thursday of the Brocards' stay, exactly a week after the arrival of Mr. Cook, Janet had just settled in her usual place on the terrace when she saw a girl she did not know come out of the hotel.

The illusion lasted but a moment; for that moment, it had been complete.

Even after Janet recognised her, Tanya Duval, in a dark frock simply trimmed with white daisies around the neck and hem, a velvet ribbon around her neck, her hair smoothed back under a pink ribbon, wearing practically no make-up, still looked a good deal more like Alice in Wonderland than like Tanya Duval.

No one else was about; indeed, breakfast, for the majority of the guests, had hardly been thought of. Miss Duval approached Janet's chair and halted.

"How beautifully you embroider!" said Miss Duval.

"Thank you," said Janet. Her voice was as cold as her eye. She could, as a rule, very easily rid herself of unwelcome attentions. But Miss Duval sat down near her.

"I wish I could embroider like that. But, of course, you have to have wonderful taste."

Janet said nothing. After a few moments Miss Duval pushed a slim finger (with unvarnished nail) into the big work-bag.

"Shall I sort your wool for you?"

"Thank you," said Janet again.

"No."

"But I'd like to," said Miss Duval—and had the wools in her lap before you could say knife.

Janet looked down at the black head, at the slim neck bent so earnestly over a child's pretty task, and felt extremely annoyed; but there was nothing to be done short of getting up and walking away, and she did not choose to disturb herself.

No doubt poor Tommy would soon appear to disburden her; for it was at poor Tommy, Janet suspected, that this sudden maidenliness was really aimed. Perhaps Tanya needed to complete her campaign from behind conventional defences.

The person who first appeared, however, was not poor Tommy but Mr. Cook. Janet, bent on her work, did not see him come; if Tanya saw, she kept silence.

"May I spoil the picture?" asked Mr. Cook.

Janet glanced sharply up. Mr.

Cook was looking at Tanya. He had seen her already, of course, continually; but not in a deceptively demure frock, not with her hair sleeked back under a pink ribbon.

"Of course," said Janet automatically.

Mr. Cook caught Janet's eye with an approving smile. It was evident that he felt both surprise and pleasure. Tanya, peeping shyly up under her lashes, managed to catch his eye as well.

"Are you an embroidress, too?" asked Mr. Cook.

"Oh, no," Tanya murmured, her voice and manner sweetly childish. "I'm just sorting Mrs. Brocard's wools for her."

Janet repressed an impulse to smack the chit and went on with her work. Tanya went on sorting, and Mr. Cook went on looking at Tanya. All three presented a fallacious picture of companionable silence.

There were few to observe it, however; the terrace was still almost empty; and, in fact, as the first of the other guests began to appear, Tanya jumped to her feet with a little sound of dismay.

"How dreadful of me!" she cried.

"I've just remembered—to-morrow's a birthday! I must run all the way to the shops and buy a present. And—oh, dear—it's so hot!"

Eagerly Mr. Cook rose to the bait.

"Won't you let me take you," he offered, "in my car?"

"Oh!" gasped Tanya, quite overcome. "In your beautiful car? I've never been in a car like that! Mrs. Brocard, won't you come too?"

But Mrs. Brocard would not. During the rest of the day (the car failing to return until nearly six) annoyance and uneasiness so gained on her, and the gossip caused by Tanya's exploit became so intolerable, that she went up and sat in her room until her husband came home.

"What's the matter?" asked Professor Brocard. "Is anything wrong?"

"Yes," said Janet. "I've been used as a stalking-horse, and I don't like it."

Mr. Cook's view of the situation, however, which he made haste to lay before Janet that same evening, was quite different. Mr. Cook was delighted.

He and Miss Duval had had a splendid day together—first shop-



ping, then lunch, then a walk over the cliffs—but no part of it had given him more pleasure than Tanya's frequent references to Mrs. Brocard.

For if Mr. Cook admired Janet so did Tanya; if Mr. Cook considered Janet distinguished, sensible and kind, Tanya considered her beautiful, brilliant, and gracious. This made such a bond between them that Mr. Cook (himself bound to Janet

"I'm just sorting Mrs. Brocard's wools for her," Tanya told Mr. Cook, her voice and manner sweetly childish.

came to get in with all the riff-raff—they made a fuss of her while she was lonely. She was wondering all the time what you'd think of her. She says as soon as she saw you, you reminded her of her mother."

(This is too much! thought Janet furiously. I won't stand it! I will not remind La Tanya of her mum!)

"I was very forthright with her," continued the oblivious Mr. Cook. "I told her straight out my first impression of her had been that she was . . . fast. So then she told me a lot more—how she hadn't really been drinking at all, only ginger-ale, because it looked like whisky—and when I asked her why she wanted to be taken for a whisky drinker, what do you think she said?"

"I've no idea," said Janet. "But I should like to hear."

"She said those oafs would laugh if they knew she was teetotal. It fairly made my blood boil. I'll drink lemonade with you, any time you like," I said, "and if anyone laughs at me I shall be very much surprised." I made her promise never to go into the bar without me. And then, I told her, there's your make-up."

"Wasn't that rather bold of you?"

"She was—well, she was fairly opening her heart to me. She asked me, poor child, after I'd said she looked fast, to pretend . . . well, to pretend for a minute she was my daughter. Did I tell you she was an orphan?"

"As a matter of fact, I'd guessed it," said Janet. "I presumed her mother, whom I am said to resemble, is no more."

"That's right. There's just little Tanya, and a baby brother. He's the one the present was for. They both live with their grannie."

Janet found it necessary to remind herself that all this information had issued from an uncommonly pretty mouth (only faintly pink) and had been corroborated no doubt by many a melting glance from a pair of soft, dark, unmasculine eyes.

She had every respect for Tanya's power to bamboozle a middle-aged, innocent male. But she herself was not bamboozled; and now, suddenly, she didn't want to hear even why Tanya used to put on too much make-up.

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## Concluding our two-part serial

already) confidently visualised a triple knot of friendship including all three.

Tanya was certainly a fast worker, and she had had a good innings. Even so, Janet was astonished at the completeness of the picture Mr. Cook could now reflect: there were not even any questions to ask, they had all been answered in advance. For instance—

"Right from the start it was you she wanted to make friends with," explained Mr. Cook earnestly. "Only she was too shy. That's how she





# And Glory Shone Around

*He came among them in simple guise, with  
a challenge that they could not ignore.*

JIM'S spirits rose as he caught sight of the bent figure trudging up the hill. On a lonely road like this a man was glad enough of any company. He pulled the lorry to a standstill and hailed the traveller cheerfully: "Hi, there! Want a lift?"

"Thanks." The old man stood smiling up at him, and, for no reason he could explain, Jim's heart grew warm and friendly.

"You can put your pack in there," he said, indicating the empty back of the lorry.

The man nodded, tossed his knapsack into the back, and climbed in beside Jim.

"Going far?" Jim asked casually.

"A good step." His lively blue eyes were twinkling. Jim thought he looked as though he found the world a pleasant place. "I'm bound for Pine Valley," the other went on. "Perhaps you know it?"

"Know it!" Jim laughed shortly. "I passed through it once. Quite enough for me, too. A God-forsaken hole buried alive up there in the forest."

The old man laughed good-naturedly. His laugh, like his voice, was soft and musical, as if all the happiest sounds of life had gone into its making.

A few minutes of conversation and silence fell between the two men. Pine Valley, Jim was thinking. Yes, he knew of it. Who didn't in these parts? It was a byword, almost a curse, the very name a symbol of the living death which hung over the township like a pall.

When men spoke of Pine Valley their thoughts flew to lost worlds—to a strange, sullen, silent community buried deep in the thick forests that covered the foothills and the towering heights of the mountains.

Woodcutters lived there with their families: old men whose backs were bent by labor in the forests, and old women worn and tired by the eternal round of rude domestic tasks.

There were children, too. He had seen them as he passed along the shabby street—thin, unsmiling children, sitting about listlessly, living, perhaps, for the day when they could follow their older brothers and sisters down the steep, winding road that led away from the town and out into the world beyond.

Jim glanced curiously at the face of the man beside him. It was an intelligent face, composed and sensitive, the face of a dreamer rather than that of an axeman. Why was he going to Pine Valley?

No one went there by choice; no one stayed without compulsion. Age, sickness, and poverty were the chains that bound the handful of inhabitants to the place.

Only departmental orders brought strangers to Pine Valley—schoolteachers and postal men, who spent their time writing letters begging to be relieved. Nothing, it seemed, could defeat the silence of the forest which had closed in on the scattered houses.

The apathy of the people soon drove outsiders away, and Jim had heard that even the school was now closed.

As he drove along he tried to recall that

day three years or more ago when he had passed through Pine Valley. They had been burying someone—yes, he remembered now. It was the old clergyman who had somehow stayed on in the tumbledown cabin which he had built with his own hands.

Since then there had been no one to care for their spiritual needs. The wooden church was forlorn and deserted.

The lorry labored on, the noise of its motor drowning all other sounds.

"Got people living up there?" Jim asked at last.

The man nodded.

"Friends," he said.

The eyes that returned his gaze nonplussed the younger man. What kind of an old chap was he? His expression combined innocence and wisdom in a striking manner. Never before had Jim seen such tranquillity in the face of a man, such confident strength in the carriage of the head.

"I'll drop you where the Pine Valley foot-path branches off from this road," he said presently. "You'll have quite a journey from there. Know your way?"

"I'll find the place," the old man murmured. "I've been planning to visit these parts for a long time. It looks very lovely to me."

Jim glanced briefly from left to right, then fixed his gaze on the road ahead once more. In Heaven's name, what was lovely about it? Just trees and more trees. He was always glad when this infrequent journey was behind him. It was surely the loneliest stretch

in the world. Apart from the old man beside him, he had seen no one since leaving the main road.

It gave him the creeps. Imagine if the lorry broke down on such a road? He would be glad to get out of the forest and on to the open plains again. He'd breathe more freely.

At the next bend he drew up.

"This is where I drop you. You take that road there to the right. It's really only a track, but it will get you to Pine Valley if you just keep on."

"I'm very grateful," the stranger said, holding out his hand. Jim took the outstretched hand in his. Its firmness surprised him. The man himself looked small and frail. "Perhaps I'll pick you up again on the way back," he laughed.

"Perhaps. You're very kind. Good luck to you!" He lifted the heavy pack out of the lorry and threw it over his back. Jim waved a good-bye and moved off. He was whistling, and somehow he felt better than he had an hour ago.

Alone, the old man stood quite still until the lorry had disappeared in a cloud of red dust. Then he looked around him. It was late spring. Wild lilies were clustered at the feet of the giant pines and the air was full of forest smells—the tangy scent of pine needles, young leaves, and damp earth.

"Peace!" he said aloud.

His thoughts turned back to the city he had passed through on his way to the mountains.





There humanity jostled and argued, cheated and hated, and was afraid. In the alleyways children played by day and cats whined at night, and on the streets the din of the traffic deafened him.

At the house of a rich woman he had asked for bread, but the door was slammed in his face. Hungry, he spent the night on a park bench, with the wind from the water blowing through him and freezing his brittle bones. No one in the city cared what happened to an old man. He was no use to anyone!

On this mountainside only the sounds of nature rippled the green waters of silence—bees and the call of birds, and the comforting hush of light wind through the trees.

There was still peace on earth up here in the everlasting hills.

He recalled the words of the lorry driver: "God-forsaken, buried alive." A smile touched his lips. Here men should walk upright in goodness and humility. He secured his pack and took the path that wound precariously along the edge of a cliff and down into a valley. The grass was springy underfoot and the old man's heart was singing.

For several hours he walked at a steady pace, pausing now and then to ease the load on his bowed shoulders.

At last he was in sight of Pine Valley. Owls were hooting in the forest, and the evening star was piloting the sickle moon up into the darkening sky.

The trees, restless in the wind, breathed and whispered like living things, and the very earth seemed to vibrate with steady rhythm, the songs of crickets, the whirr of locusts, the croaking of frogs.

Twilight was falling, and the first candle was already flickering in its cottage window when the old man walked up the short, grass-paved street. His quick eyes took in the scene.

As he passed, he greeted the men and women, like an old friend returning, and waved to the children, who were being herded indoors to bed. Most of them just stood still and stared silently back at him, but one or two granted a response.

Nobody questioned his presence, nobody seemed surprised when he lifted the broken

*It seemed right to the people of Pine Valley that the church, restored by the old man's efforts, should share in their new pride.*

gate and made his way along the overgrown path that led to the dead clergyman's cabin. Doors were not locked in Pine Valley, windows were not barred, and when the stranger put his shoulder to the cottage door it creaked open reluctantly.

Peter Smith and Paul Thompson watched him pass through the doorway, with the blank, wide eyes of cattle. They were not given to needless words. Isolation and boredom had stifled the faculty and the desire for conversation. Words were used only when gestures failed.

Sitting outside their cottage doors smoking their evening pipe, they saw the door close on the old man. They took the pipes from their mouths and looked across at each other for a moment. Then they went on smoking silently.

But Ellen Ratcliffe, standing at her window with her nephew Dick, was more curious.

"Who do you suppose he can be?" she asked the boy.

Dick grinned and shook his head. He was more interested in the plate of cakes on his aunt's rough table. She was the best cook in the town. None of the other women bothered about cakes, but Aunt Ellen had come as a bride from a big town many years ago.

She could read and write and would have taught Dick only that his mother thought it a waste of time.

"He probably just wants shelter for the night," she murmured. "He'll be off again to-morrow, poor man!"

But the stranger did not go. He stayed on in the lonely cabin, and as the weeks went by he shipped naturally into the life of Pine Valley. And the people accepted him without question, though their eyes followed him with mild wonder as he moved about among them.

It never occurred to them to ask why he had come. Their sluggish minds could not think beyond the fact of his being there.

Sometimes Ellen Ratcliffe went across the road to his cabin with a fresh basket of cakes and home-made bread. "He's a nice old fellow," she told Dick one afternoon. "It does me good just to see him."

Gradually, the old man became part of Pine Valley, and its people could hardly remember the time when he had not been there. He fitted his life to theirs, neither forcing himself upon them nor asking questions as others had done before him.

But he watched them as they went about their work, his hands always at their service, giving help as naturally as the sun gave warmth and the rain water to the wells.

He was astir at dawn when the men passed on their way to fell the forest giants, and because he had fallen so easily into their way of life they did not begrudge him his cabin or inflict on him the petty persecutions they had used to drive others away.

One evening the men returned to find the old man building a fence of split pine round the garden of old Mrs. Vernon's cottage. Incredulous, they stood and stared.

They knew, of course, that Mrs. Vernon was a widow, alone and friendless. And they knew she depended on the vegetables she grew in her garden, that horses and cattle roamed at will over her land and ate the crops before they were half grown.

It had never struck anyone that something might be done about it, least of all the woman herself, who now stood at her back door, gnarled hands wrapped in her hessian apron, watching the bright blur of blue shirt which was all her old eyes could see of the stranger.

It was not until the next day, when the men again stopped to stare at the strange sight, that Peter Smith suddenly found the idea for which they had all been groping.

Slowly he went forward and, without a word, lifted the fence, and held it in place

with his strong brown hands while the stranger's hammer rose and fell.

The old man looked up and smiled his wonderful sunny smile. He said nothing, merely accepted Peter's help as though it were the most natural thing in the world. Together they worked on until darkness came and the candles were alight in the cottage windows.

Day by day the people watched the stout fence encircle the widow Vernon's precious land, and slowly a flicker of interest stirred the routine of their eventless lives.

When the fence was finished, the stranger was still to be seen in the evenings at the widow's cottage. Without haste, without discussion, he patched the leaking roof and made shallow steps so that she no longer risked breaking her leg every time she climbed down from her back door to the path below.

He did not ask for help or make demands on anyone, and because they knew there was no money to be made out of anyone as poverty-stricken as themselves, they began to understand slowly that his motive was love.

The old man had just finished mending the widow Vernon's roof when Peter Smith brought home his first shoulder-load of pine-stakes and began building a fence for himself. When he saw his neighbor working away, Paul Thompson's astonishment was so great that it moved him to speech.

"What you doing, Peter?" he mumbled.

"Building a fence," the other replied.

For a while Paul stood there gaping at him. Then he saw the stranger come out of his cabin and take up a hammer. As though drawn by some strange fascination, Paul walked over to the two men and began to work with them. They showed no surprise, and presently Ellen Ratcliffe's husband, Dan, joined them.

While the men were away in the forest all day, the old man wandered about the township looking for jobs to do. A broken window, a pile of uncut firewood, a sick child, a lame dog—they all came under his patient care. The things he could do amazed them.

*Please turn to page 33*

## By Fay King



# Gift of a story

By MARY DOUGLAS

SHE was really a dear soul, Miss Carmody, with a high and oft-times an embarrassing regard for Christmas.

If all her tactless and inept moves were placed end to end, they would make a chain strong enough to strangle any seasonal impulse before it had the chance to burst from its tinsel-bright wrappings.

Surprises for other people were a great delight to her, and at Christmas-time her imagination and enterprise worked overtime.

Ann grew to dread the pursed, secret smile that brought a child-like intensity to Miss Carmody's faded face and the gleeful light that twinkled in her sultana-brown eyes. She even skipped. Skipped, mind you, when Ann was sure that Miss Carmody was on nodding terms with her fiftieth birthday.

Last Christmas Ann had told herself she would not be able to bear any more of Miss Carmody's whimsies; and now she repeated it savagely. Ann was so desperately tired.

It was uncanny the way the whole pattern of her life had changed. Last Christmas Malcolm Gee had just been a name to her. He was her employer's only son, but Ann had never met him, as Malcolm was abroad studying music.

Being a widower, Mr. Gee showered all his affection on his artistic son, and there were times when Ann was heartily sick of Malcolm, Malcolm, Malcolm. Ann considered herself artistic in her tastes and ambitions. She wanted to be a writer, though she never seemed to know just what to write.

Then she had met Malcolm. With a flourish of his hand he had wiped all these half-formed ambitions from her mind. Mr. Gee had proudly brought his son into the office, and Ann had sat behind her desk, gulping, reddening, and shuffling with the embarrassment of falling so rapidly in love.

Ann's home was in the country, and it was customary for her to return for weekends. She ceased to do so regularly after meeting Malcolm. Not that she saw him every week-end, but she lived in the hope that he would telephone.

She was worried about this Christmas. She had not written to her parents to say she was coming home, and yet there had not been any word from Malcolm to say he was including her in his celebrations.

She heard a shuffling noise coming from the outside corridor, and when she looked up she was horrified to see Miss Carmody and Harry, the lift boy, staggering in with an enormous branch of a fir tree.

"You can't bring that in here," Ann said sharply. "There's hardly room for us as it is."

Miss Carmody gave a quiet chuckle, and with Harry's help the branch was thrust into a tin of sand and fastened to the walls with rope.

Miss Carmody was in early next morning, and when Ann arrived the Christmas tree was draped with tinsel, silver-paper cutouts, and plastic bells.

"My dear, you must think I'm mad," said Miss Carmody apologetically. "The fact is that as a child I never had much of a Christmas. I was brought up by a maiden aunt who dismissed it all as a lot of rubbish. Now I get so excited that I lose my head."

Thanks to Harry, the lift boy, people in the other offices in the building soon knew of the Christmas tree. There was quite a procession of sightseers, and every head that peeped into the doorway was greeted by Miss Carmody with "Merry Christmas" and a beaming smile.

Ann soon regretted her brief moment of commendation, for with Miss Carmody shooting greetings like a time signal, stacks of work clamoring for attention, and still no word from Malcolm, she felt ready to collapse.

"Merry Christmas," Miss Carmody chorused again, but this time the visitor was Malcolm.

Ann could not even pretend to be casual. She stared up at him, lips parted and eyes bright.

He looked embarrassed. "Hello, Ann. Going home for Christmas, I suppose?"

She flushed. "I haven't—er—decided." His jaw jutted, as if he were determined to get something said. "I'll be out of town for a week or two. Friends I met abroad have a house in the hills. They want to hear me play, and if they like my music it may lead to big things."

"How nice," said Ann, but her lips were tight and as dry as tissue.

He went into his father's office, and Ann could have wept. How neatly he was brushing her off. There was not even the suggestion of lunch as a Christmas celebration.

Ann suddenly knew he would leave by his father's office door.

"I think I'll take my lunch early to-day, Miss Carmody," she announced flatly.

"Very well, my dear," Miss Carmody jumped up to adjust a tinsel loop.

Ann lurked in the washroom until she heard the slam of Mr. Gee's door, and then she hurried down to the lift. She was quite proud of the start of surprise she was able to manufacture.

Malcolm smiled thinly. "Going to do some last-minute shopping, Ann?"

She knew he was deliberately avoiding mention of lunch.

"There are a few things I must get," he murmured. "I'll have to rush around. There are a couple of youngsters in the home where I'm going, so I think I'll get some books."

"Isn't that odd!" Ann exclaimed, feeling utterly shameless. "I'm also on my way to buy a book for my small nephew. I can take you to the very shop."

Malcolm unwillingly allowed himself to be bundled along to the small book-store.

The books for juveniles were spread out in temptingly colored piles.

"All kids love stories," said Ann, chatter-

ing madly in an attempt to hold Malcolm's attention. "When we were youngsters we had a neighbor, old Timothy we called him, and he could spin fabulous tales. We were merciless. 'Make us a story,' we would say, as if it were some sort of mixture to be popped into the oven and baked into an aromatic pie. Timothy always obliged."

Malcolm was not really listening.

Ann was again going to make a bid for his attention when her mind was suddenly flooded with the idea for a children's book. "Timothy, the Story Maker." Why hadn't she thought of that before?

She drew a sharp breath and the books on the counter wavered before her eyes. Timothy with his dabs of white cotton-wool hair, his face round and bland as a dinner-plate, was a fine central character.

Ann was breathing heavily, and almost on tiptoe with excitement. Her hand trembled as she stroked a pile of books. She knew with certainty that at last she had bitten into an idea that was good—really good.

"I've got the books I want, Ann," said Malcolm coldly. "You must excuse me."

"Of course," Ann turned to look at him, and now her eyes were properly focused.

"Forgive me, Malcolm, I've been day-dreaming. Of course you must go." She smiled, and it was not quite the effort she expected. She knew there would still be aching hours for her. One could not fall so completely in love, and then pretend to be cured so easily.

"Good-bye, Malcolm. Happy Christmas," Malcolm's relief was almost ludicrous. Ann's lips twitched.

She did not bother about lunch, but for the rest of the hour browsed among the children's books. All the time her imagination was at work, and she found it exciting.

Ann was so full of her own schemes that when she got back to the office she did not notice Miss Carmody's starry eyes. Ann hurriedly grabbed a note-pad and was roughing out a brief sketch of what her opening chapter would be when she saw Miss Carmody approach.

"Ann," she said gently. "I thought you might like to know. I'm going to be married."

"Married?" Ann's pen clattered to the desk.

"Yes. Don't look so startled, dear. I'm going to marry Mr. Gee."

"Mr. Gee!" Ann gaped incredulously. "You do—er—mean the boss?"

"That's right, dear. He came in here while you were out to lunch. He just loves the Christmas tree—you see he had a pretty hard life as a boy and Christmas was never much fun. I told him of my childhood, and then before I knew where I was he had proposed. He's lonely, poor man."

"He has Malcolm."

"Malcolm is going abroad early in the New Year. He says there's nothing to keep him home."

The thrust should have hurt more than it did, Ann told herself. But most of her mind was still with her story.

"Old Timothy with his fluffy white hair and cheery red face could pass any day as a brother to Father Christmas. He had a gift for every child, too. The gift of a story..."

"Merry Christmas, Ann," shouted Mr. Gee, as he came hurrying into the office, a triumphant grin on his face.

"Merry Christmas," Ann smilingly returned. She looked with fond approval at the bulky Christmas tree.

There was a story to be written; she was going home for Christmas. Life had taken on warmth and pattern and meaning again.

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## Presents from Paddle

Here for your second  
Christmas come,  
Allison's doll and  
Phillip's drum;  
A bath-time sailing  
boat for Mark—  
And Judith gets  
a Noah's Ark.

May Christmas shine  
for you with joys—  
Bright-eyed and  
laughing at your toys—  
And of life's richer  
gifts in store,  
May every Christmas  
bring you more.

but Paddle's real  
Present is...

healthy young feet that grow  
strong and tireless, to carry  
you through life in comfort,  
and to make every active  
sport a pleasure.

The Sara quads will grow up in Paddle shoes.  
First, they'll learn to walk confidently and correctly  
in Baby Moccs, and their feet will grow sturdy and  
straight and strong as Nature intends. Then they'll  
wear Paddle shoes for older children. They'll always  
be perfectly fitted — as any child can be in Paddle  
shoes — and they'll get that extra shoe life and  
smartness that have made Paddle first choice of  
Australia's mothers, who say, "Paddle Shoes are the best  
children's shoes you can buy!"

# Paddle

Shoes for all ages of Children

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 26, 1951

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Man  
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boy...

...for ten decades  
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in the A.M.P.

The A.M.P. is the oldest Australian Life Assurance Office, and it is also the largest. Since 1849 succeeding generations have placed their trust in this office—to such an extent that today, on the average, one family in three relies on the A.M.P. The finest tribute is that in the last financial year almost half of the new business taken out was by people who were already members of the A.M.P. The A.M.P. is run by policyholders, for policyholders. There are no shareholders.



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## JANE RUSSELL'S BABY

● As American film star Jane Russell was leaving London airport last month for home after appearing at a Royal Command performance, a thin, shabby woman thrust a 15-months-old child into her arms.

The woman was Mrs. Florence Kavanaugh and the baby was her Tommy, whom she was willing to give away so that he would be brought up in a comfortable home.

Here we tell the story of these two women—the rich, childless actress, and the poor mother of three children—who have become the centre of wide controversy.

### "I did it for his sake" says child's mother

From MARCIA PICKARD, of our London office

"I would give up all my children for adoption by wealthy parents," Mrs. Florence Kavanaugh said frankly. "I would do it for their sakes."

I WENT to No. 8 St. Stephen's Terrace, Lambeth, to talk to Mrs. Kavanaugh and to see what kind of life Tommy lived in England before he was dramatically translated to the luxury of Hollywood.

"I'd think I was a very selfish person," she said, "if I hung on to my children just because I had the trouble of bringing them into the world, or on the grounds of mother love."

"There is no question of poverty compelling us to seek adoption for any of our children," Mrs. Kavanaugh told me. "I neither asked for nor received one penny from Miss Russell."

Mrs. Kavanaugh said she hoped Tommy would be

adopted permanently by Jane Russell.

Since Tommy went to America last month, Mrs. Kavanaugh has been swamped with offers to adopt the other children—Theresa, aged five, and Michael, aged four.

There is a "titled lady" who wants Theresa. A telegram from Salop, England, read: "Please keep Michael for us. Letter following."

Mrs. Kavanaugh says that without the children she has plans for herself. She would like to become a singer.

It is she who makes the decisions.

Her 37-year-old husband, Michael, says: "I can only advise her. After that I suppose she must go the way she wants."

Life in No. 8 St. Stephen's Terrace, South Lambeth, is no harder for the Kavanaughs



FIFTEEN-MONTHS-OLD Tommy Kavanaugh, whose mother, Mrs. Florence Kavanaugh, "gave" him to Hollywood actress Jane Russell. What will he think about it all later?

than it is for many of their neighbors.

They pay 11/- weekly for two top-floor rooms.

The flat is at the top of a terraced row. Perhaps it is a little greyer than an identical terrace in the next street. Perhaps not so grey. There are thousands of such houses in London.

Michael Kavanaugh is a

carpenter. His weekly income varies from £7 to £10, which includes 10/- child endowment.

The family all sleep in the bedroom. Theresa and Michael share a single bed with a fancy blondwood headboard.

The small sitting-room is sparsely furnished with a veneered sideboard, chest of drawers, settee, and two wooden chairs.

The kitchenette has a gas-cooker and a table.

The children are bathed in a zinc tub in the kitchenette.

Mrs. Kavanaugh's name has been on the Brixton Council's housing list for two years.

Mrs. Kavanaugh has always been a Jane Russell fan. She has seen all her pictures, read everything about her in film magazines and pins glamour portraits of the star on the walls of the tiny flat.

When Tommy kissed the picture of Jane Russell which appeared in a morning paper with the story of how the American actress wanted to adopt a child, Mrs. Kavanaugh decided it was her baby's big chance.

"I found Tommy kissing the picture," she told me. "When I read the story I found that Tommy fitted the description of the child Miss Russell was looking for."

At 17 Florence Kavanaugh left her home in London to work in a munition factory in Coventry, England. There she met Michael, who had come from Galway to do war work. They were married a year later.

She has worked since she was 14. Her first job was minding three children, for which she was paid 5/- a week.



ONE SMALL GRATE warms the Lambeth flat of Florence and Michael Kavanaugh during London's rigorous winter. Tommy's sister and brother, Theresa and Michael, are plainly dressed, but strong and healthy-looking.



# What will Tommy's future life be?



JANE RUSSELL'S swimming-pool at her home in Van Nuys, California, is heated in winter-time. The film star makes a pretty show of alarm as her husband, football coach Bob Waterfield, splashes her.

## "I hope it will work," says Jane Russell

From PAULA WALLING, in Hollywood

Is Tommy Kavanaugh a publicity stunt or is Jane Russell sincere in her desire to make the 15-months-old boy a brother to her adopted daughter, five-months-old Tracey?

**T**OMMY entered the United States on a three months visitors' permit.

At the end of January his case will be taken up again by the U.S. Immigration authorities, but Miss Russell holds little hope of being able to keep him.

Foreign-born children adopted by U.S. citizens are not automatically admitted into the United States.

They may obtain a permanent entry, or as in Tommy's case, merely a three months visitors' permit.

At the end of January, if the case is not favorably reviewed, the actress seems to have no alternative but to send Tommy back to England.

Miss Russell announced at first that Tommy would be with her for a three months' visit only.

Then she said that if she could not keep him "substantial friends" in Hollywood might adopt him.

In London, Mrs. Florence Kavanaugh said she was willing for Tommy to go to the "substantial friends."

They can adopt him, provided they have a nice, big house, and money to give him the kind of life Miss Russell would give him.

Jane Russell hasn't even the support of Hollywood in her adoption move.

Movie people say her action was ill-advised and ill-timed.

They say if Jane Russell wanted to make a big publicity splash she could have done

much better by adopting an American baby.

I drove to Jane Russell's home to ask her why she took Tommy to the United States. I drove through orange groves, avocado plantations, through the sunny slopes and the lovely estates of San Fernando Valley, to her modest ranch in the foothills overlooking the community of Van Nuys.

Jane, clad in denim slacks, flesh-pink nylon blouse, and velvet bolero studded with silver, met me at the door and ushered me into her sunken living-room.

What I saw there gave me the answer. I honestly didn't need to ask any questions.

In front of a huge, screened-in fireplace there was a play-pen. The fire was burning briskly and smelling of Californian eucalyptus.

In the play-pen was five-months-old Tracey, the little girl who was born on Jane's birthday and adopted by her.

Outside the play-pen, trying to get into it, trying to grab toys out of it or throw toys into it was Tommy Kavanaugh.

Jane asked me to sit down, and then asked her Swedish housekeeper to serve tea. As the strawberries, toast, and whipped cream were being placed, I said, "Let's have the nurse in, too. I would like to talk to her."

Miss Russell became indignant for the first and only time during our interview. She said, "I am the nurse."

And she continued: "I want to bring up Tracey by myself.



MISS RUSSELL poses for a typical Hollywood glamor shot. This Christmas she will have her adopted daughter, Tracey, and Tommy Kavanaugh with her.

I don't want anybody interfering. I have my own ideas on how children should be raised, and one of my main ideas is that they should not be raised by a governess. I am their mother, and my philosophy of life is going to be imprinted upon them."

As I talked to Jane Russell, it became abundantly clear that this woman, by nature denied the right of motherhood, is putting her vast energy into keeping a home for Tracey and in preparing a home for Tommy.

For a top Hollywood star earning nearly £2000 a week, Jane Russell's home is a modest one.

In the living-room there is a large picture-window which gives a panoramic view of the valley, framed with hills.

It has a large swimming-pool which is heated at this time of the year.

The grounds of Jane Russell's home also contain a small chapel.

"I don't know why it seems to surprise some people that I have a good religious background," she told me. "My mother has always been an earnest churchwoman, and my brothers and I were brought up to know and revere the Bible."

"The world would be a



TOMMY'S FIRST OUTING in Hollywood was a visit with Miss Russell to "Buckaroo Town," a children's play-park near her home at Van Nuys. He enjoyed himself immensely, particularly his ride on the merry-go-round.

better place if more children to-day had that same wonderful training.

"My children," she continued, "will grow to have my reverence."

At a shout from the house we turned and saw Jane's husband, husky Bob Waterfield, who is one of America's outstanding professional football players.

On one shoulder he had Tracey, on the other, Tommy.

"Hey, it's getting warm out here," Bob yelled. "We're all going swimming."

Jane promptly zipped out of her bolero, blouse, and slacks. She was wearing an attractive black - and - white checked swim-suit.

The four of them splashed and paddled in the pool until Jane summoned the Swedish housekeeper to take care of the children while we talked.

"How does your husband feel about the children?" I asked Miss Russell.

"You can see for yourself," she replied. "He plays with them constantly and enjoys every minute. He's mad about them—especially the boy. Bob is so happy, I'm hoping against hope that it will work out."

I asked if Tommy was gaining any weight on his hush American diet after English food.

Jane laughed. "Gaining? That boy is bounding!"

"Yesterday Bob tried something with him as a joke. He gave Tommy an honest-to-gosh English mutton chop—for all I know it might have come from Australia."

"Anyway, Bob broiled this mutton chop over charcoal,

and when it was well done I cut it up fine so Tommy could eat it.

"And you know what? He ate every last bit of it. I'm pretty certain he'd never tasted a mutton chop in his life, so it's apparent he has a built-in taste for mutton."

I asked Miss Russell what else she gave Tommy to eat.

For breakfast Tommy gets orange juice, and egg with either bacon or ham.

If Bob is home from the football wars, he cooks what he calls "Ham and Eggs Country Style a la Waterfield." This consists of a large iron skillet full of thick ham steaks, well done.

Over the steaks, the "chef" breaks several eggs, covers the whole dish, and lets it steam. The result must be fine, because Tommy cleans his plate.

For lunch Tommy takes it light. Usually he has avocado, deluged with lime-juice, sliced tomato, buttered toast, and more milk.

For dinner he has either a mutton chop or beef steak.

With the meat, Tommy always has green vegetables—either broccoli, cauliflower, squash, beans or peas—and a baked potato seasoned with melted butter and a dash of garlic sauce.

He usually has ice-cream for dessert, home-made from the best eggs and cream.

"But do you know," Miss Russell added, "there's something I just don't understand. After every meal he comes around to me and says something that sounds like 'Bubble and Squeak.' Do you suppose that's something he wants?"



# SARA QUADS TAKE TO WATER

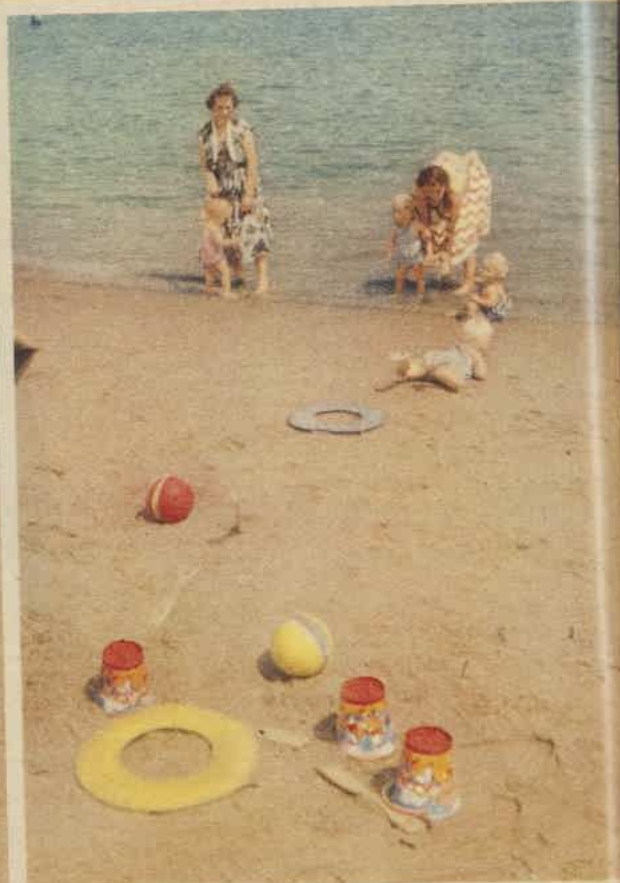


MARK, an adventurous boy, pauses at the edge of the water before splashing out as far as his mother will let him go. After weeks of battle with Alison for the leadership of the four, the once quiet Mark has won.



★ Christmas highlight for the Sara Quads is a week's visit to a North Coast beach. Our photographer visited them at the beach and found all four splashing happily. The Quads can say "Mum," "Dad," and "Ta" now and babble to one another. The former small nursery is now Phillip and Mark's room, while Alison and Judith have a partitioned-off section of the back verandah.

JUDITH watches Alison paddle with the aid of her mother, Mrs. Betty Sara. Called "Princess" in her family, Judith is much livelier than she was.



FOUR BABIES at the water's edge take some watching. Mrs. Betty Sara and the Quads' nurse, Rita Connell, are tired women at the end of each day. So are the Quads. Pictures on these pages and our cover are by Ron Berg, staff photographer.

PHILLIP'S favorite beach pastime is grabbing a handful of sand which he hands, with a smiling "Ta," to the nearest adult (left). Unlike his brother and sisters, he is not walking yet.





*RARE MOMENT* of quiet among the babies as Phillip, Judith, Alison, and Mark relax. Judith and Mark want to be in the water all the time, and cry when taken out. When Alison first hit the beach she ate sand, both wet and dry. She soon stopped. The

Quads' Christmas toys are not elaborate. Like most children of their age, they tire quickly of an individual toy. During their holiday their favorites are the buckets, spades, beach balls, and rubber tubes given to them by *The Australian Women's Weekly*.



*EVERYTHING* goes into the Quads' mouths at present. Judith samples some debris from the water, while Phillip, Mark, and Alison look to see what they can find.



# First Christmas together in ten years



**FAMILY REUNITED** after 10 years (from left) are: Annette and John Millichamp, their mother, now Mrs. John Humphrey, Carl Millichamp, John Humphrey, Mickey Humphrey, and Brian Millichamp.

## English family to celebrate reunion at migrant camp

By AINSLIE BAKER, staff reporter

No mother in Australia will have a happier Christmas this year than a little, flashing-eyed Birmingham woman Mrs. Lillian Humphrey, who, with her husband and four-year-old son, is a recent arrival at the Bathurst migrant centre, N.S.W.

NO tinsel angels or paper bells will be needed to make Lillian Humphrey's Christmas the best she has ever known. For the first time in 10 long years she will have all her children with her.

They are Brian, 17, a Sydney apprentice mechanic of three weeks' standing; Carl, 15, who if he passes his intermediate will become a fellow apprentice; John, 12, Annette, 10, of the Fairbridge Farm School, Molong.

Carl, John, and Annette will be given special leave from the school so that they may share this first Australian

Christmas with their mother and stepfather.

Brian, with the touching flamboyance of youth with its first wages jingling in its pocket, has offered his mother the choice of "a three-strand string of pearls or a camera for Christmas," and says that he'll "be flying up."

In 1941 Lillian Millichamp was deserted by her first husband and left with a family of four small children. Unable to work and at the same time look after the children, she was forced to place them in the care of the Birmingham Cottage Homes.

For two years she worked as a waitress, for two more years as a bus conductress. She saw the children when she

could, wrote to them when she couldn't, and always saved so that there was something to send them for Christmas and birthdays.

"It wasn't much of a life for any of us," she said. "Those were the years when Christmas Eve was something I wanted to forget."

"Then Brian and Carl got to hear of the Fairbridge Farm Schools' immigration scheme, and asked me to let them come out here under it."

"I couldn't make a home for them, and give them a mother's proper care. When John and Annette said they would like to stay with their brothers, I made the decision to let them come to Australia and grow up in a new country

where they'd at least have each other."

When a hitch developed and it looked as though the family unit might not be kept together, Lillian wrote to the late Mr. J. B. Chifley.

"Dear Ben," she wrote, and "Dear Lillian," came the reply.

The four little Millichamps sailed for Australia when the Fairbridge scheme resumed after the war.

The child of a broken marriage herself, Lillian had been brought up in a home from the time she was three. She ran away at 15, and married at 18.

"I suppose if my mother had ever visited me I wouldn't have been so mad keen to get out here to my kids," she said. "It's when your mother forgets you that it's hard."

When Lillian Millichamp married again in 1946 it was to John Humphrey, a man who, like herself, had never known family life as a child. With his three brothers he had been cared for by a home.

He was a steward in the merchant navy during the war, and visited Australia several times.

"But it was before I knew Lillian," he said, "so this is the first time I've seen the children."

Strangely enough, when their ship berthed, it was John who was the first to see the four children on the wharf.

"Course it was, Lily," he said. "I knew them from their photos. You were so panicky and excited you couldn't see a thing."

Lillian Humphrey told me that she and John gave their son, Michael, his first Christ-

mas tree when he was two months old.

"We just couldn't wait to start giving him the sort of Christmases we never had ourselves," she said.

"Our next Christmases were happy enough. Brian, Carl, John, and Annette always sent us presents, and we sent presents to them. But we still weren't together."

"Then earlier this year we were notified that at last there were passages for the three of us to Australia."

"It's been a long wait. But when I hear the children saying, 'Happy Christmas, Mum,' everything will have been worthwhile."

Brian and Carl already tower above their tiny 37-year-old mother.

"I missed being able to join the A.T.S. during the war by a quarter of an inch," she said. "You had to be five feet."

Carl, John, and Annette call their stepfather "Dad." Brian, as wage-earner, and man of the world, varies "Pop" with a careless "John."

In the two-room Army hut that is the first Australian home of the Humphreys are touching reminders of the years of separation.

There is a china ashtray and match-box given their mother by the children before they left England. A red plastic Christmas pepper-pot sent from Fairbridge to England has come all the way back. Last year's present to Mum, a chiffon scarf, is neatly folded away in a drawer.

Far from breaking her spirit, her hard battle has only added to Lillian Humphrey's zest for life.

"I'll live to be 99," she predicted.

"When I was a conductress I could always get a laugh when I'd say 'Same length as this one' when people asked me 'How long is the next bus?'"

"First day I was a waitress I might have got the sack if I hadn't made a lady laugh when I spilled the contents of a tray over her. I said, 'Good thing you've got your mac and umbrella — you must have known I was coming.'"

Do the family find each other changed? Of course they do.

"Mum seems to be more like a sister." "They talk so differently; they're real Australians." "Carl's hair is darker."

"Mum, you've got little."

Then there are memories that aren't changed at all.

"Remember, Mum, when we used to sing 'You Are My Sunshine?'" "Remember when John was funny saying his prayers?" "Remember when Annette was skinny?" "Remember how frightened you were in the air-raids?" "Mum, are you still going to make us go to bed before you put the tree up?"

The Humphreys hope to settle at Orange, eight miles from Molong.

"If we can make a home there it can be the gathering place for all the family," Lillian Humphrey said.

"When I think of the hard time I had at the home in England, and then see what Fairbridge has done for my children's health and happiness, I just can't express my gratitude."

"Even if I'd had the chance, I know that I couldn't have done a better job myself."



**TOGETHER AGAIN.** For Mrs. Lillian Humphrey the presence of her children after 10 years' separation ensures the happiest Christmas of her life. Hugs, chatter, teasing, the resurrection of scarcely remembered family jokes with the older children change two rooms in an ex-Army hut at Bathurst migrant centre into home.

## QUEEN MARY BOOK OFFER

It is not too late to get your copy of "Queen Mary," a brilliant pictorial record of the life of the Queen from 1867 to today.

Besides many intimate pictures of Royalty, the book has portraits and news pictures of celebrities and incidents of the period.

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# A Merry Christmas

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*... to every other baby throughout the land!*

Yes, Alison, Judith, Phillip, and Mark, Australia's famous Quads, send "Merry Christmas Greetings" to every other baby in the land. And we are sure that every baby and, indeed, every mother and father will want to join us in wishing

"Happy Christmas!" to the Quads themselves. From the very first, the Sara Quads have enjoyed the wonderful comfort and protection that only Johnson's Baby Powder, Soap, Cream and Oil can give. Thousands of other babies, too, know the difference that Johnson's can make. So why not make this Christmas a "Johnson Christmas" for any baby you know ...



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## Editorial

Vol. 19, No. 30

December 26, 1951

### CHRISTMAS IS IRRESISTIBLE

**F**OR weeks now most people have devoted every spare minute to Christmas planning and shopping.

Armed with lists that represent hours of brain-racking, legions of buyers have surged into the shops looking for gifts.

Their expressions as they waited at crowded counters on tired feet gave no indication that the presents were being chosen to wish the recipients a Happy, Joyous, and Peaceful Christmas.

As at all Christmases there have been grumbles this year that Christmas is nothing but A Great Nuisance.

Yet Christmas is irresistible. Despite all the irritable complaints about "not knowing why I subscribe to it," you keep on subscribing.

And in the end Christmas gets you.

The feeling that all the scurry and trouble and bustle have been worth while comes with the sound of the carols, the wonder in children's faces at the tree, the pleasure your gifts have given.

It's right that it should, for Christmas is the nearest the world gets to realising the Christian ethic.

Christmas is more than a box of crackers and a holly wreath and presents.

It is a participation in the Christian ideal of compassion and kindness and generosity.

For this short space of time in which Christ's birthday is commemorated, the world, first grudgingly, then gladly, surrenders to the highest human motive.

It is the motive of "Peace on earth, goodwill to men."

### OUR COVER

Mark, Alison, Judith, and Phillip Sara (from left in that order) enjoyed posing for our Christmas cover. It gave them a preview of Christmas, complete with tree and toys. Other pictures of the Quads are on pages 12 and 13.

### This week:

● With Davis Cup fever mounting, there is special interest in the color shots on pages 18 and 19 of star players of the three competing countries. On page 17 Gusay Moran discusses leading Australian players, men and women. When some celebrities are engaged to write for newspapers they need either a "ghost" writer to help them get their thoughts on paper or, at least, an expert typist. Not Gusay. She was quite surprised when we asked her if she needed help, told us that she always types her copy with her own fair hands.

● Staff reporter Ainslie Baker and photographer Ernest Nutt, who covered the story on page 14, vote Bathurst a town most suitable in which to wait for a plane. Filling in time in an unfamiliar country town is sometimes difficult, but Bathurst not only has park seats but an interesting museum. While they waited they were able to study museum objects ranging from a Cobb and Co. coach to ceramics.

### Next week:

● A special fiction number next week contains more than twice the usual ration of light reading. There is the first instalment of a new serial, "Arabella," by that popular novelist Georgette Heyer, and seven entertaining short stories.

● Back in November we decided to publish straight crossword puzzles for a while instead of cryptics. Little did we know what we were unleashing. The P.M.G.'s Department has reason to be grateful to us. Postal revenue has been increased substantially by letters—sorrowful, cross, and indignant—at the change. "If you cannot get back to the earlier type, my wife will have to buy her own W.W.," wrote one man. And another: "You substituted a type the like of which we can see any time we look over junior's shoulder when he's doing his 'cwoosy puddle'."

We're reverting to cryptics next week.

## BOOK REVIEW

By GEORGINA O'SULLIVAN

**B**BLONDE, 36-year-old writer Monica Dickens recently announced her engagement to Commander Olin Strattor, of the U.S. Navy. If her intelligent, light-hearted novels and slices of autobiography are an indication of her personality, then the commander has won an exhilarating companion.

Monica Dickens, granddaughter of Charles Dickens, has tried a variety of jobs with pleasant results. In "One Pair of Hands" and "One Pair of Feet" she wittily recounted her experiences as a charwoman and as a nurse.

In her latest, "My Turn to Make the Tea," the reader accompanies her through a hilarious year as a reporter on the "Downingham Post," where her enthusiasm disturbed her editor, Mr. Pellett, "the rock against which all waves of enthusiasm broke and fell back with a frustrated sigh."

Despite himself, Mr. Pellett gave his phlegmatic all to his paper. When the temperamental linotype operator walked out and was not seen for three days, Mr. Pellett did his job.

That week the "Post" appeared with an interesting col-

lection of misprints, including the information that a certain Mrs. Cody was "Our Hot Treasurer, Mrs. Cosy."

The reporters played such base tricks on each other as altering the assignment book.

When Monica found that a colleague had altered the book so that she had to cover the Girl Guides' Tableaux ("about four inches, and for goodness' sake, don't forget the accompanist"), she retaliated by putting the culprit's name beside an elocution competition.

After listening to 80 children reciting "Milk for the Cat" and "Incident in a French Camp," he savagely put her down for the Grantley Village Drama Circle in "Quality Street." And so it went on.

Monica Dickens' disciplined humor is best in her description of life in the boarding-

house at 5 Bury Road.

Here the boarders lived in landlady Goff's whirl of squalid untidiness.

Mrs. Goff hid her enormous bulk, which had run sideways instead of back and front, in a home-knitted frock not designed for her shape. She "had a face against which there could be no argument, for there was no one behind it."

Mrs. Goff could not down the vulgar, lovable acrobat Maimie, and Maimie's Japanese husband, Ting. She had little effect against Connie and Win, who pursued men by every means except the obvious one of natural attraction. But she terrified Casabon, a nervy, grey-faced young man.

"When her unkindness resulted in tragedy to two boarders her face 'went out of opposition, and did not return until the coast was clear.'"

Miss Dickens' style and humor are deceptively simple.

She probably is busy right now with wedding plans. Perhaps her next effort will be devoted to the joys and sorrows of life among "naval wives."

"My Turn to Make the Tea" is published by Michael Joseph. Our copy from the Craftsman Bookshop.

MY TURN TO MAKE THE TEA  
By Monica Dickens

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# Gussy meets the juniors



## Australia's women players are fine, but need more encouragement

If women's tennis in Australia received the same encouragement which greets men's tennis, then automatically the standard of women's play here would improve.

I suggest your women players should watch champion men players and copy their particular favorite. The more a woman plays tennis like a man the better she'll be.

**P**LAYING against men will improve her game, too. And, after all, mixed doubles are fun.

Talking about your women players, I haven't had the opportunity of seeing Nancye Bolton in action here, but I am familiar with her game, having seen it both in England and America.

Nancye hits the ball harder and faster than perhaps any woman who has ever played.

I admire her style. Nancye is never caught dinking and falling on the court, or playing the type of ladies' tennis that becomes slow and uninteresting.

Dinking and falling is the American equivalent of the Australian tip and giggle.

Had Nancye in her early tennis days been given proper opportunities she would have been a world champion.

In her first trip to the United States she reached the final of the U.S. championship against Alice Marble.

She just didn't have the experience of enough competition against girls like Alice to be able to beat her.

Your tennis association might bear in mind Nancye's case when it sees girls with championship possibilities.

I'd like to suggest that when a girl has improved enough to win against Bolton and Thelma Long then that is the time to send her overseas.

Thelma is another of your players I have observed in America and abroad.

She is an excellent player who is feared by many of the best American players. She is one of the best doubles players—both women's and mixed—in the world.

Apart from Nancye and Thelma, none of your girls has as much pace as the Americans.

### Hit harder

**T**HEY must hit the ball harder, learn to volley with decision, and perhaps with not quite so much underspin.

I have seen no one to date with the potential of U.S. junior champion Maureen Connolly.

Mary Carter is one of the best of your very junior players. Her baseline game is sound, and her fleetness of foot is her principal asset to date. But she must learn to attack more and spend many hours practising volleying.

Being a left-hander, Jennifer Staley, Victorian junior singles winner, has a decided advantage, and with her good volley she could follow in Nancye Bolton's footsteps—with plenty of hard practice.

It was back in 1939 in Vancouver, Canada, that I first saw Jack Bromwich, then a lad of 19, play.

He was travelling with Harry Hopman to join the

Davis Cup team in New York later in the summer.

Vancouver, being very tennis-minded, was holding a grass-court tournament in which Brom. and Mr. Hopman were getting a little practice.

Brom. looked exactly as he does now, a quiet, shy, and retiring person—except on the tennis court.

His two-handed style fascinated Canada as well as America.

Brom., in my opinion, has always played with his head as well as his body.

That is why he is perhaps one of the world's greatest players of all time.

Brom. automatically brings to mind another great Australian, Adrian Quist.

Adrian is another tennis player who uses brains as well as brawn, and this is one reason why Quist and Bromwich won the Wimbledon men's doubles in 1950 from far more youthful players. These two men I salute.

Lewis Hoad was the first junior I noticed and he seems to have the build needed for a champion.

He appeared slightly nervous at times during his match, particularly under pressure, but with international experience and his wonderful service he should one day be a great player.

Another junior I enjoyed

watching was Ian Ayre. Ian has an excellent all-round game with beautiful ground-strokes.

However, I understand that he comes from Queensland and does not have the same opportunities as the other players.

At Kooyong I was very fortunate in getting to see the match between Sydney junior Ken Rosewall and Davis Cup star Ken McGregor, which was won by McGregor, 6-3, 9-7, 6-3.

Ken Rosewall then went on to win the Victorian junior championship from Lewis Hoad.

Rosewall certainly has good ground strokes. He has just about the finest backhand I have ever seen, including Donald Budge's.

Naturally, not enough can be said about the ability of Ken McGregor and Frank Sedgman. Ken McGregor is certainly a great player, and always a favorite with the crowd.

As everyone knows, his chief assets are his service and volley. He is a player whose game is at its best in tight matches.

### Best player

**F**RANK SEDGMAN, who won the Victorian singles championship so decisively, seems to be your best player at the moment. He has a great all-round game, and, like McGregor, relies on his volleying and serve. Frank, with his fleetness of foot, has an advantage which pulls him through tight matches.

Sedgman and McGregor probably are the best doubles combination in the world.

Besides being excellent

KEN ROSEWALL (left) and Lewis Hoad are two of Australia's most promising juniors. I met them soon after I arrived in Australia and found them very nice lads.



LEFT-HANDED Mervyn Rose and I had a long chat during a between-match tea break. Mervyn is very popular with American crowds, because he is not temperamental.

players, they are also good friends, which gives them a perfect understanding on the court.

I'm surprised George Worthington isn't playing with the Davis Cup squad. When I saw him in America his game looked like having great potentialities.

George played a joke on me when I first met him. He told me that his mother in Sydney had a pet kangaroo that she took shopping with her. If she didn't speak to it severely it would get temperamental and throw the parcels out of its pouch.

I mentioned the story to Adrian Quist later and he quickly disabused me about shopping with kangaroos.

Left-handed Mervyn Rose has in my opinion improved more than any other Australian in the past three months.

He has a fine service and

volley, and is very difficult to play against because of a twist in his left-hand service.

Because he's not temperamental, Mervyn is sweet to watch, and is very popular in America.

I think Australian audiences are very well-behaved compared with European crowds. If I had to state my preference in order I'd say: Australia 1, United States 2, and, well, after that I don't know.

Australian players seem pretty easygoing on the court. I don't mean they don't try, but they have fun.

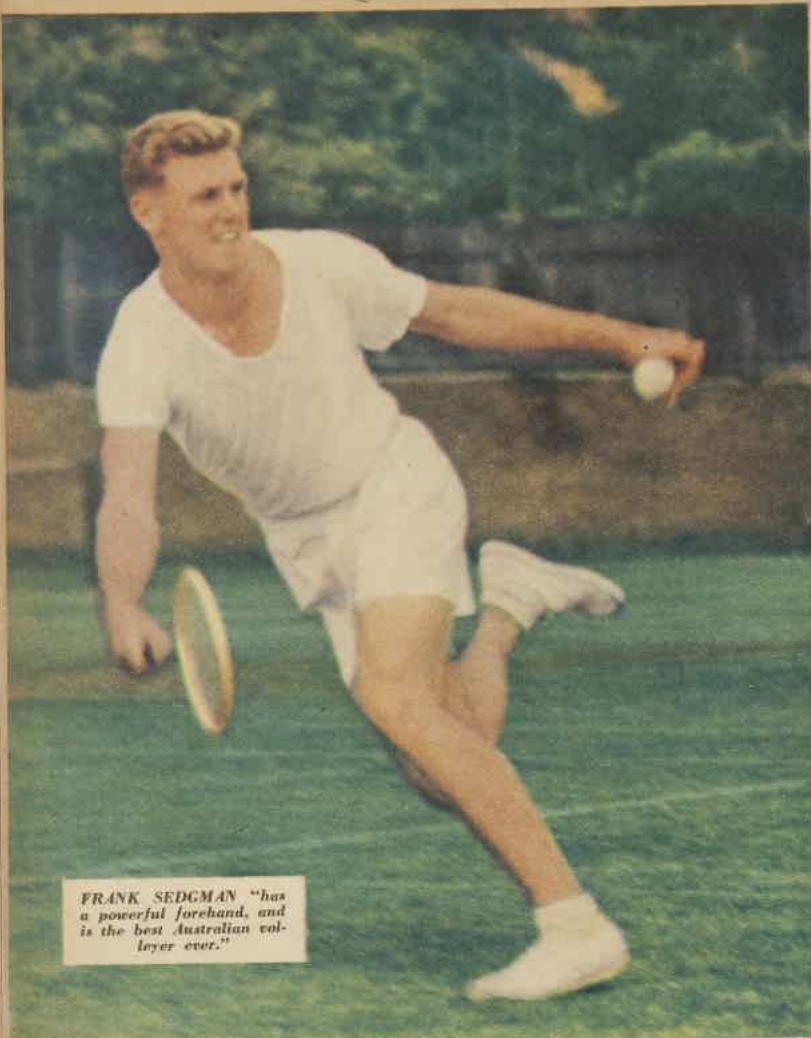
It has always surprised me that over a period of 30 years Australia, with its small population, has produced so many great players.

But I realise now that Australians' enthusiasm for tennis gives players here a wonderful opportunity to learn the game, better the game, and love the game.



# Davis Cup players' STAR STROKES

● Nobody knows a tennis champion's game better than his manager. Under these pictures of U.S., Swedish, and Australian stars we quote what each man's manager thinks of his play.



FRANK SEDGMAN "has a powerful forehand, and is the best Australian volleyer ever."



BILLY SIDWELL (left), "superb volleyer," and GEOFF BROWN, "cannon-ball service," are a famous Australian doubles pair. Both Sidwell and Brown have played in Davis Cup matches. Pictures by staff photographer Clive Thompson.



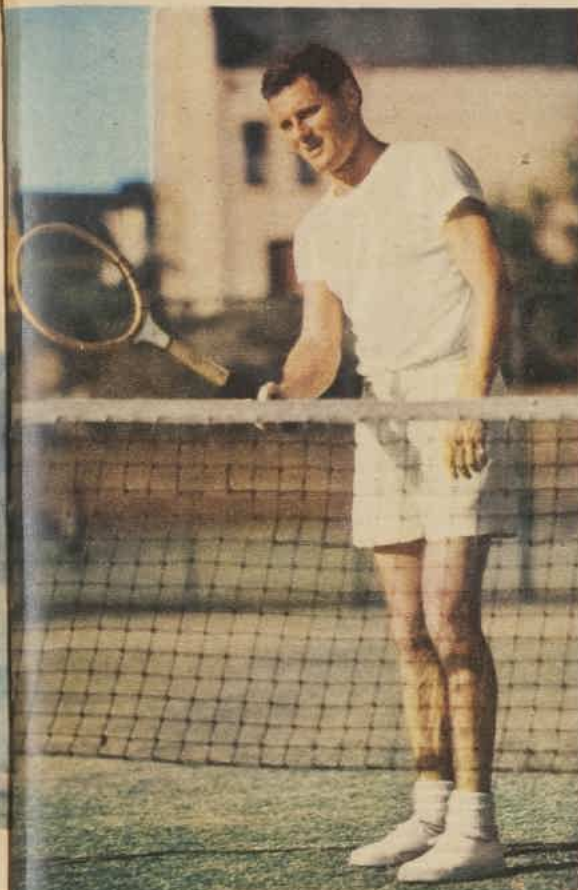
DICK SAVITT, America's broad-shouldered No. 1 player, "has a big serve and a big backhand."



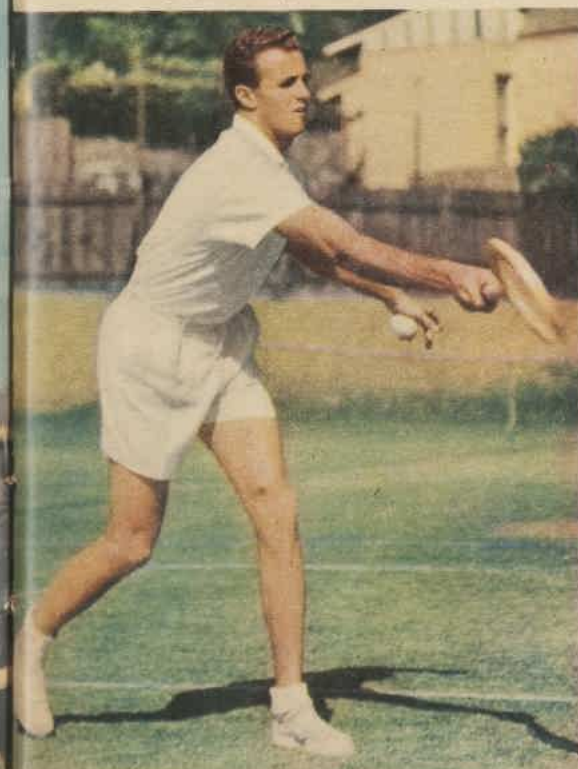
MERVYN ROSE, Australian left-hander, is the "hardest man to lob over. Has a good smash and an effective volley."



**This season Australia is host to the Davis Cup challengers for the sixth time in the history of the contest.**



**TED SCHROEDER** helped America win the Davis Cup in Melbourne in 1946, "is a dogged fighter with a big heart. Excellent all-court player with very accurate cross-court drives."



**KEN MCGREGOR**, of Australia, "has a terrific serve, and is a great smasher, always dangerous at the net. With Sedgman he is one of the world's best doubles players."



**SWEDISH QUARTET**, from left: **SVEN DAVIDSSON**, "strong service"; **BERTIL BLOMQUIST**, "clever volleyer"; **TORSTEN JOHANSSON**, "all-court player"; and **LENNART BERGELIN**, "No. 1 player, graceful stroke-maker."



**VIC SEIXAS**, charming and handsome U.S. player, has "big net game and powerful service."



**HAMILTON RICHARDSON** (left), youngest of the American players, has "a sizzling service, especially second-ball, and a good all-round game."

**DON CANDY** (left), "marvellous backhand"; **KEN ROSEWALL**, "powerful, splendid backhand"; and **LEWIS HOAD**, "big first serve."



**IAN AYRE**, of Queensland, is "a determined player with a tricky low volley."



**TONY TRABERT**, American with a strong physique, has a "powerful serve and backhand, and fierce flat forehand. An excellent singles player."



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ANNABELLE



"But how did you ever guess the boss was away?"

BUTCH



"I just dropped in to say thank you for the Christmas card — one of the nine dozen missing from The Little Gift Shop."

## It seems to me

YOU have to extract what amusement you can from serious situations these days, and there's no doubt that the Persian troubles had their entertaining side in the early stages last week.

Thirty-two newspaper editors took refuge in Parliament House to escape from rioters.

The whole thing reeks of the Mysterious East. In the first place their claim that they were in danger from thugs in the employ of the Prime Minister (Dr. Mussadiq) made Parliament House seem an odd sanctuary. In the second place, newspaper editors might think twice about taking refuge in Parliament House in Australia. Politicians do not always view them as kindly as they might.

Just to add piquancy, the collection of refugees in the Persian Parliament House included seven actors and two actresses, all camped with their personal possessions in corridors.

Oh dear, Mr. Archie Cameron would never stand for that sort of thing.

Meanwhile the Persian Prime Minister, nicknamed "Weeping Mussy" by Americans, just cried and cried.

I have no doubt that a closer study of Persian affairs might provide some logical explanation of these events, but I don't want a logical explanation. I prefer to consider them as they seem, invested with rich fantasy.

THAT pensions payments cannot be made until after Christmas is a crying disgrace.

The cheques are payable fortnightly. The next payday falls on December 27. A spokesman for the Social Services Department said that "organisational difficulties" prevented payment before Christmas.

Because it is difficult is no reason why it shouldn't have been done. It can hardly be as difficult as it is for pensioners to live on their allowances.

The prospects for Christmas are bleak enough for many pensioners, whenever payday falls.

Indeed, the Government might have considered an extra week's money. Few taxpayers would have objected.

MOST people think mainly of giving pleasure to children at Christmas.

It's laudable enough in its way, but there's a good deal of selfish satisfaction in making a child's Christmas happy. Besides, it is not a difficult task unless money is very short.

It would be fine if just as much thought were devoted to making Christmas happier for the aged.

"One measure of the quality of civilisation in any country is the consideration given by the people to their parents and the elderly," said New York's State Housing Commissioner recently, speaking of a new housing project for aged people.

Unfortunately, the quality is one for which many Oriental races are more noted than are those of the West.



Dorothy Drain

IF, as an amateur fisherman, you have felt impatient of the recent endeavors to standardise fish names throughout Australia, you'll probably be converted by Mr. T. C. Roughley's new book, "Fish and Fisheries of Australia."

Mr. Roughley puts an unanswerable case for standardisation and a persuasive one for the changing of names to make them more acceptable to the fish-buying public.

The conference to choose uniform names was held nearly four years ago. Mr. Roughley says that the response has been good and that fishermen "have fallen in line to an extent that was scarcely hoped for."

He recognises the fact that it's hard to persuade a man to say he has just caught a 25lb. mullet when he believes he has just caught a 25lb. jewfish. (The name mullet is now standard for the fish called by that name in South Australia, jewfish in Queensland and New South Wales, kingfish in Victoria, and river kingfish in Perth.)

Dealing with names unattractive to buyers, he cites the nannygai, an attractive-looking and good quality fish which once was bought so reluctantly that trawlers often had to dump large quantities of it. When the New South Wales Fisheries Department approved of the trade's use of the name "redfish," the sales jumped at once.

Whether your interest in fish is that of the amateur angler, the professional, or the dabbler in natural history, you'll like Mr. Roughley's book, which is illustrated with fine color plates.

A PROFESSOR of speech at the University of Oklahoma, U.S.A., has invented an electrical "wriggle-meter."

By means of wires strung along the backs of chairs it records the wriggles and yawns of students during lectures.

If it were installed in theatres it might give an appearance of outbreaks of St. Vitus' dance among the audience. Lots of us, too polite to shout "Boo," would yield to the temptation of recording ostentatious wriggles on a graph.

Here we are in the festive season,  
Which appeals to me as an excellent reason

For being feckless, blithe, and gay  
And announcing that I have nothing to say

That hasn't been said a million times  
On Christmas cards in recurring rhymes.  
And of all such samples of seasonal verse  
This one can claim to be rather worse,  
But is nevertheless designed to wish you  
A Merry Christmas  
And a Happy New Year.

KEEP YOUR  
SILVERWARE AND  
GLASS SPARKLING  
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The Multi-purpose Cleaner That Saves Time, Energy and Money.



Your silverware shines with new life when you clean it with "Glint."

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"VOLLEY" S.S. (Super Sole)  
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Australia's No. 1 sport shoe.  
Men, 5-11. Women, 2-7.



"CRICKET BOOT"  
White double texture upper.  
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toe strip. Men, 5-11.



"BADMINTON"  
Note the support given by  
the facing to-toe.  
Men, 5-11. Women, 2-7.



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White reinforced duck.  
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10-1. Children, 4-9.



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So light, bright and breezy  
to wear. Smart. Sensible.  
SAFE! Boys/Misses, 10-1.  
Children, 4-9.

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**CHARMING GROUP.** Mrs. Tony Walcott, formerly Barbara Ley, eldest daughter of Mr. A. Ley, of Killara, with her two little flower-girls, Lyn Ley (left) and Jennifer Jill Garnock, at her wedding reception at the Royal Yacht Squadron, Kirribilli.



**COUNTRY INTEREST.** David Gordon, of Wirriw, Bangandore, with his bride, formerly Tempo Minter, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn Minter, of Bereena, Tamblong, after their wedding at St. Mark's, Darling Point.



**NOTED DOCTORS WED.** Dr. F. A. Maguire and his bride, Dr. Mabel McElhone, sign the register at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, following their quiet wedding. Dr. Maguire and Dr. McElhone have been collaborating in cancer research.

## Social Gossipings

**NEWLYWEDS** Dr. F. A. Maguire and his bride, Dr. Mabel McElhone, whose marriage was quietly celebrated at St. Mark's, Darling Point, are spending their honeymoon in Tasmania.

Dr. McElhone, who is the eldest daughter of a former Lord Mayor, the late Mr. Arthur McElhone, and of Mrs. McElhone, of Potts Point, was given away by her nephew, Mr. Peter Throsby. Her sister, Mrs. Jim Throsby, was matron of honor and Dr. Lawrence Hughes was best man.

The bride went overseas as assistant controller of the first draft of V.A.s to serve in the Middle East. She began her medical studies before leaving Australia and completed her course when she returned.

Dr. McElhone was so engrossed in her work before her marriage that she didn't have time to try on her wedding dress, a dusty pink faille with black guipure trimming. She wore a matching pink hat with a black eye-veil, and black accessories.

These two doctors, who recently attracted world-wide attention with their report on their research on the treatment of cancer with antibiotics and ACTH, will return to Sydney in January to continue their work together. They will make their home at Darling Point.

The ceremony was followed by a small family reception for about 35 guests at the Macquarie Club. Mr. E. J. Hallstrom, who is financing clinical experiments on cancer sufferers, was a guest at the wedding. He brought the couple news that an American company planned to manufacture the drug ACTH in Sydney soon.



**AT THE THEATRE.** Mr. and Mrs. Jim Coleman were among keen theatregoers who attended the first night of the Scottish musical play "Brigadoon" at the Theatre Royal. Mrs. Coleman wore a black tasselled bolero with her black dinner gown.

**MAKING** his debut in the family circle on Christmas Day, when he is one week old, will be Beatrice Bateman's new son, Gregory, named after her father. Mother and son will return to hospital after the festivities.



**NEWLY ENGAGED.** Morna White, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. ("Jim") White, of Belltrees, Seone, and her fiance, David Playfair, youngest son of Brigadier and Mrs. T. A. J. Playfair, of Woollahra.

**INFORMATION** Officer at the Indonesian Embassy in Canberra, Argus Jarman, has been kept busy lately combining his work at the Embassy and his housekeeping! The reason for this is his baby son, Firman (meaning gift of God, in his own language) Ardini, who was born recently at the Canberra Community Hospital.

Mrs. Jarman hadn't been in Australia long enough to become acclimatised to Australian cooking, so Argus, being quite the model husband, prepared the main meal in Indonesian style, and took it over to the hospital to his wife.

**THE** well-worn cry "Art for Art's sake" was changed to "Art for the sake of the Hunter's Hill Children's Library" by Mrs. Gordon Steege this week as she helped to run an art show by well-known Sydney artists in the old library building. The show closes this Saturday. Junior artist and balletomane Diana Steege hung her picture of Petroushka in the children's section of the show. Mrs. Steege's Christmas greetings to her husband will go to Korea, where Wing-Commander Steege is C.O. of the 77 Squadron R.A.A.F.



**ENJOYING PARTY.** Alec Shand (left), Prue Bavin, and Andrew Clayton were guests at the combined Christmas and twenty-first birthday party given by Michael Jones at his parents' Double Bay home.



**COUSINS** Leslie Baillieu (left), and Judy and Ann Vicars with their mothers, Mrs. T. L. Baillieu (second from right) and Mrs. Jim Vicars, in the marquee at the girls' Christmas dance.

**NEWLYWEDS** Marie and Paul Gillard, who return this week-end from their honeymoon tour of the South Coast, will be back in Sydney for only a few weeks before they pack up again and move to their future home in Adelaide. They leave by air on January 2. Marie is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Lashmar, of Eastwood, and Paul the eldest son of the P. P. Gillards, also of Eastwood.

Anne



**CELEBRATING CHRISTMAS.** Mrs. Bob Stephen (left) with two of her guests, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Walker, at the Christmas party she and her husband gave at the Pickwick Club.





# Royal Family Christmas

## King wants the festivities to be memorable this year

When doctors gave the "all-clear" for the King to spend a week-end at Royal Lodge, Windsor, the problem of the Royal Family's Christmas was solved, as they will now be able to gather at Sandringham as usual.

The King is particularly anxious that this Christmas should be a memorable one, as early in the New Year the Royal Family will be separated for some months.

A FEW days after Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh leave by air for Australia in February the King and Queen will embark on H.M.S. Vanguard for the health cruise which the King's doctors have recommended.

A special train will take the Royal Family to Sandringham on Christmas Eve, all travelling together in a big party.

They will have three or four weeks there.

Probably Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh will remain there with their children, Prince Charles and Princess Ann, almost until they leave for Australia and New Zealand.

This will give the Edinburghs a good rest in prepara-

tion for strenuous months ahead, and will enable them to have some time with their children in a holiday atmosphere.

It has been announced that the King will be able to make his Christmas broadcast, although his voice has not quite recovered from the effects of his operation.

It is weak, but breathing exercises which he does every day are helping strengthen it.

Every morning and afternoon the King sits for an hour at a window taking exercises for deep breathing under instructions from his surgeon, Mr. Price Thomas.

Charted and supervised by his nurses, these movements include one to expand the lungs and chest.

Apart from exercises, the King's convalescence is one of long rest periods.

He has an absolutely normal diet.

Before the King and Queen leave for Sandringham, the annual Christmas party for the palace staff will be held by permission of the King in the famous State Ballroom, on the first floor of the palace.

The King is anxious that no one's enjoyment of Christmas should be spoiled by his convalescence, and has promised that if he is feeling well enough he will accompany the Queen and join in the festivities.

The annual Christmas party is the gayest night in the year for the men and women who serve the King.

Certainly the party is the most exclusive in the kingdom. All arrangements are in the hands of a committee of servants. They engage a first-class West End dance band, invite cabaret stars and

By ANNE MATHESON,  
of our London staff

famous broadcasters to give midnight floor shows and turns.

When members of the Royal Family arrive they are greeted by senior servants.

The King is unlikely to dance this year, but in the past he usually danced with a housemaid, the Queen with one of the junior chefs, and Princess Margaret with one of the tall Pages of the Presence.

The King's 56th birthday on December 14 was the laziest he had had for years.

He dressed in a lounge suit instead of full morning dress with a black coat and striped trousers.

Ambassadors who called to present their country's con-

### Birthday toasts

gratulations signed a visitors' book in the grand hall at the palace.

At the family luncheon party the Duke of Gloucester, as the next gentleman in rank, proposed his brother's health in champagne.

A similar toast was drunk by every member of the Royal household.

"His Majesty the King—God Bless Him," was honored

**PROUD GRANDPARENTS.** The King and Queen will have all their family and their two grandchildren with them at Sandringham for Christmas. Here they are photographed with Prince Charles and Princess Ann on Prince Charles' last birthday, when the children's parents were in Canada.

in the wines and beer provided by the King in staff dining-rooms and messes.

Family birthday gifts were sent to the King's room with his morning tea.

He now insists on rising for breakfast with the Queen and Princess Margaret.

Presents between members of the Royal Family are always modest—just a simple article.

Among them, I heard, was a new woollen scarf from Princess Elizabeth for the King to take with him on his cruise.

Elizabeth also gave him a particularly charming colored photograph of herself with the Duke of Edinburgh and their children to keep on his desk while she is away next year.

Princess Margaret gave the King some ties. He is extremely particular about his neckwear, which must be selected from his favorite outfitter in accordance with his own good taste.

The Duchess of Kent always sends the King books, and many of his friends sent up parcels of country fare—honey or special jams, or hot-house fruit.

There was not any suggestion that these were invalid delicacies.

Since the King is comparatively well he resents references to his weeks of illness.

He's in "remarkably good spirits, and, being a very active, sports-loving man, looks

forward to the time when he can resume his normal busy official life.

This determination to take up his Royal tasks as quickly as possible has led to some differences of opinion with his advisers on the score that the King may be taxing his strength too much.

He accepted the idea of a cruise in the Vanguard because it was pointed out that he might then call at points in the British Commonwealth.

Communications are now in progress with a view to arranging for the ship to call at ports in the West Indies.

The King and Queen will occupy the cabins in H.M.S. Vanguard which they had on their voyage to South Africa.

The great battleship will be their floating home for about six weeks or two months, according to present indications.

One or perhaps two Royal doctors will travel with the party to keep a watchful eye on their convalescing patient, and one, if not both, of the nurses who are still tending him at the palace.

The Royal quarters in Vanguard were built specially for the South African tour, and are very comfortable and spacious.

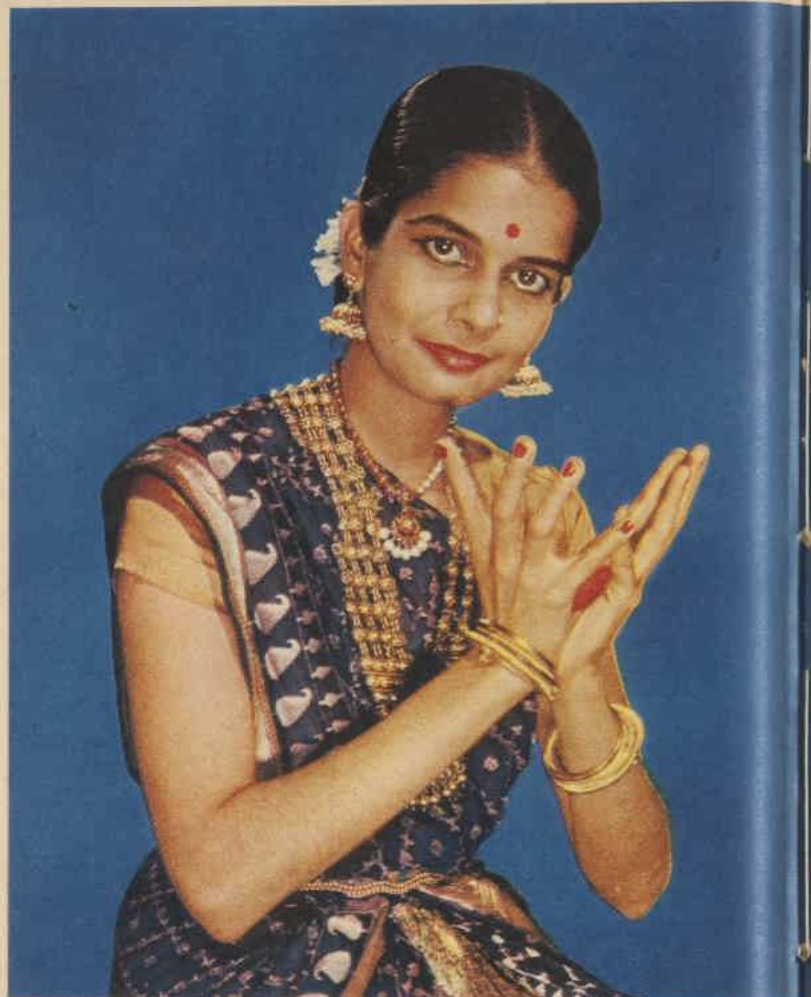
Half a dozen servants from the palace, including the Royal hairdressers and the King's valet, Tom Jerram, will make the trip to look after the comfort of the King and Queen.



# “The RIVER”



INDIAN MOTHER puts black kajal around the eyes of her baby daughter in a scene from “The River.” Kajal is lamp-black mixed with a little butter. It is placed around the inside lids of the eyes because it is considered to be good for them and is regarded as a mark of beauty. It is also believed to ward off evil spirits.



RED CASTE-MARK on her forehead denotes high birth of Hindu dancer Radha Sri Ram. Considered to be one of the best dancers in India of the Bharharat Natyam South Indian classical form, Radha is holding her hands in one of the symbolic gestures used to indicate a lotus in bloom. In “The River” Radha plays a central dramatic role.



MULTI-COLORS of an Indian bazaar and the strange art of a snake-charmer (left) fascinate young British actress Adrienne Corri when she visits a village near Calcutta during off-working hours.

TURQUOISE-TINTED, the Hooghly River (above) provides a location setting for Jean Renoir's film as colorful as the drama that stems from the lives of those who dwell on the river banks and boats.



● The tradition, philosophy, and ritual beauty of ancient India form the backdrop for modern romance in Jean Renoir's new film "The River." Photographed entirely in India along the banks of the Ganges in West Bengal, this technicolor adventure is based on a Rumer Godden novel.



COBALT, the color of heaven, and a flute, the symbol of joyous living, are always visualised as part of the Hindu God Krishna (above). The deity appears in "The River" in response to a young bride's joy at finding that her unknown bridegroom is actually the man she has always loved.

SEATED on a bank of the Hooghly River near Calcutta (right), British Adrienne Corri and American Tom Breen face the camera. In "The River" a love affair develops when he comes to India searching for renewed purpose in life after lengthy war service.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 26, 1951



VIVID CLOTHES of worshippers (above) express the mood of a religious ceremony to honor Kali, a Hindu goddess, who controls destruction as well as creation. The ceremony is called the Kali Puja, was photographed for the first time in "The River" as part of the record of Indian life, in which religion, with all its strange beauty, plays a vital part.



RITUAL of the alpana—a good-luck symbol made of rice flour—is performed by three Indian girls in front of the house where the wedding of the young lovers is about to take place (above).

SADU, a holy man (below), blesses the prayers of a village woman during the Spring Festival, when Hindus celebrate the new season by tossing colored powders to symbolise the fertility of life.

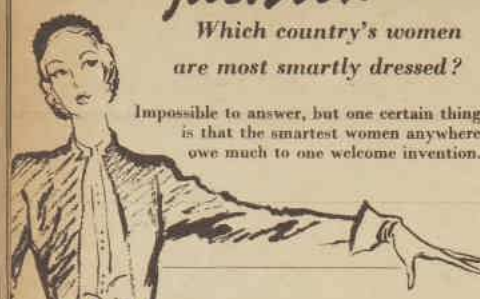


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# Wonderful *fashion* facts!

Which country's women are most smartly dressed?



Impossible to answer, but one certain thing is that the smartest women anywhere owe much to one welcome invention.

This was the great discovery of how to give rayon, cotton and linen materials the power, much like that of wool, to resist and recover from creasing, and fabrics marked **TEBILIZED** for tested crease-resistance have been welcomed all over the world. They hang and make up better, need less washing and ironing and are at once lovelier and more serviceable. The trade mark **TEBILIZED** will be found on ready-made garments and fabrics made and styled by many well-known British houses.

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**QUICK-EZE** for INDIGESTION

# Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★ ★ Alice in Wonderland  
WALT DISNEY is in for a bumpy time from Lewis Carroll purists over his adaptation of "Alice In Wonderland" and "Alice Through the Looking Glass" for technicolor screen purposes.

His decision to telescope both literary works into one film story means that Disney had to omit, alter, and add material to the good original as well as provide a whole vocal casting for the characters that appear on the screen.

This last he has done so cleverly that often the humor of Wonderland characters is enhanced.

Scriptwriters, too, have quite often strayed from the original lines, but with resultant loss of spirit and simplicity.

As feature-length cartoon adventure, I think Disney's "Alice in Wonderland" will please kiddies and grown-ups who were not brought up on the original literature.

From the technical angle there are some sequences in the film that are as good as anything that has come off

**OUR FILM GRADINGS**  
★ ★ ★ Excellent  
★ ★ Above average  
★ Average  
No stars—below average

studio drawing-boards in the past.

The talking flower garden is a gem of imaginative caricature, and the precision of playing-card guardsmen in the finale is a vivid conception whichever way you look at it.

Some pretty little songs are dotted throughout the adventure in Wonderland.

In Sydney—Plaza.

★ The Prince Who Was a Thief

AUTHOR Theodore Dreiser's fascinating oriental adventure for youngsters, "The Prince Who Was a Thief," turns up as an artificial piece of technicolor nonsense in this Universal version of the story.

In it the new bobby-sox idol, engaging Anthony Curtis, and



**MONEY TO BURN.** "Isn't this wonderful?" says Shelley Winters to Farley Granger, scooping up a pile of banknotes, while Marigold Gillmore (right) tries to tot up the value of her haul. Not that it matters—the notes are make-believe currency printed by a studio prop man for a film scene.

Piper Laurie run loose in and around Tangier, assisted by the usual complement of Hollywood robbers, guards, and dancing girls peeping from behind filmy veils.

Stolen from the Royal crib as a babe, Julna (Curtis) becomes a thief-princeling who aspires to rob the usurping ruler of gold from the treasury and his beauteous daughter (Peggy Castle) from the palace.

Judging by décor and the sartorial splendor of wealthy residents, this was a particularly good year in Tangier.

Mr. Curtis, who looks properly muscular wearing the standard uniform in pictures like this—trousers, turban, and white teeth—certainly works furiously at being a firebrand of the alleyways and thorn in the side of tyrants who fatten on the miseries of the citizens.

Little Piper Laurie is self-conscious as Tina, the untamed heroine of the story, and has difficulty with a phony accent. Everett Sloane is among the others on hand.

In Sydney—Victory.

## News from studios

By BILL STRUTTON, in London

LIZABETH SCOTT, accompanied on her present trip to London by a three thousand sterling wardrobe, is learning Cockney. She has a dual role opposite Paul Henreid in the film "Stolen Face," which is being made in a Thames-side studio here. I must master a certain nausea to relate the plot, but here it is: Henreid is a plastic surgeon, who, spurned by the woman he loves, plays the ghoulish prank of grafting her identical face on to that of a mutilated woman criminal.

LINDA DARNELL is out to make up for the loneliest six weeks of her life, which she spent in a London clinic. The impression that she is on the look-out for romance gained ground when Linda dropped the following casual remark. "My husband? Oh, he is soon to be my 'ex.' I'd like to be in love again. I just hate to be alone."

## CITY FILM GUIDE

CAPITOL.—"Bond Street," drama set in London's fashion centre starring Jean Kent, Derek Farr, Kathleen Harrison. Plus "Untamed Fury."

CENTURY.—"David and Bathsheba," ancient drama in technicolor starring Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward. Plus featurettes.

CIVIC.—"The Fighting Coastguard," war-time story of U.S. Coastguard starring Brian Donlevy, Forrest Tucker, Ella Raines. Plus "The Man From Planet X."

EMBASSY.—"A Christmas Carol," British film based on the Charles Dickens classic starring Alastair Sim, Kathleen Harrison, Mervyn Johns. Plus "The Galloping Major," smalltown comedy starring Jimmy Hanley.

ESQUIRE.—"Thief of Bagdad," reissue of early Eastern fantasy in technicolor starring June Duprez, Conrad Veidt. Plus featurettes.

LIBERTY.—★ ★ "Show Boat," musical extravaganza in technicolor starring Kathryn Grayson, Ava Gardner, Howard Keel. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—★ "Double Crossbones," technicolor period comedy starring Donald O'Connor, Helena Carter. Plus "Air Cadet," starring Gail Russell, Stephen McNally.

LYRIC.—"Western Union," period story of first telegrams starring Randolph Scott, Virginia Gilmore. Plus "Sweet Rosie O'Grady," musical starring Betty Grable.

MAYFAIR.—"I Can Get It For You Wholesale," modern drama starring Susan Hayward, George Sanders, Dan Dailey. Plus "On the Loose."

PARK.—★ ★ "The Thing From Another World," scientific fantasy starring Kenneth Tobey, Margaret Sheridan. Plus "The Return of Wildfire."

PLAZA.—★ ★ "Alice in Wonderland," Disney all-cartoon adventure. (See review this page.) Plus "The Flying Saucer" (evening sessions), featurettes (day sessions).

PRINCE EDWARD.—"When Worlds Collide," science-fiction thriller starring Richard Derr, Barbara Rush. Plus "Peking Express," starring Joseph Cotten, Corinne Calvet.

REGENT.—"Mr. Belvedere Rings the Bell," comedy sequel to earlier Belvedere films starring Clifton Webb, Joanne Dru, Hugh Marlowe. Plus "Hard, Fast, and Beautiful," sporting drama starring Sally Forrest, Claire Trevor.

SAVOY.—"Fantasia," Walt Disney musical fantasy in technicolor.

ST. JAMES.—★ ★ "Show Boat," musical extravaganza in technicolor starring Kathryn Grayson, Ava Gardner, Howard Keel. Plus featurettes.

STATE.—★ "One Wild Oat," British comedy starring Stanley Holloway, Robertson Hare. Plus "Open Secret," starring John Ireland, Jane Randolph.

VARIETY.—"Sitting Pretty," domestic comedy starring Clifton Webb, Maureen O'Hara, Robert Young. Plus "The Squeaker."

VICTORY.—★ "The Prince Who Was a Thief," technicolor Eastern adventure starring Tony Curtis, Piper Laurie. (See review this page.) Plus "The Raging Tide," sea drama starring Stephen McNally, Shelley Winters.

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**1 DOUBTFULLY**, racehorse breeder Colonel Travers (Cecil Kellaway) and his daughter Frances (Piper Laurie) find that stablehand Peter (Donald O'Connor), right, owns a mule.



**2 SUSPICIONS** of track detective Damar (Jesse White) are aroused when Peter consistently backs winners. He will not believe Peter's mule Francis can talk and tells Peter information that circulates among racehorses at the Travers' stable.



**3 DISBELIEF** is also expressed by track detective Harrington (Vaughan Taylor) when Damar takes Peter to him. But they have no evidence for a criminal charge and Peter is allowed to leave.



**4 GANGSTER** Mallory (Barry Kelley), seizing Travers' horses as payment for an overdue debt, hears Francis giving information. Unsuccessful in trying to steal Francis, he decides to make Peter hand the information on to him.

## FRANCIS GOES TO THE RACES



**5 HECKLING** Peter at the races, Mallory's men fluster him and, with money given him by Frances Travers, he buys a filly instead of horse she wanted.

THE comic talking mule who plays the title role in Universal's "Francis Goes to the Races," which is a sequel to "Francis," triumphed over such animal favorites as Lassie, the dog, and Jackie, the lion, to be named "the most outstanding animal actor in 1950," in a ceremony sponsored by the American Humane Society.

Director Arthur Lubin insists that in everything except his voice, which is "ghosted" by actor Chill Wills, Francis earned the award himself.

"He never argues about anything or shows temperament," says Lubin. "We put marks on the studio floor, and Francis walks up to them while we shoot the scene."



**6 CONFIDING** that his mistake has made him unpopular, Peter hears from Francis that the filly's inferiority complex stops her winning races.



**7 OFFICIALS** of the racecourse, meeting to discuss the unknown filly's victory in a big race, are amazed when Francis walks in and talks, saying that she won because he found a cure for her inferiority complex.



**8 CELEBRATING** the filly's win, Colonel Travers and Frances plan to buy back their horses with the prizemoney, while Peter intends to take to the road with his mule. He promises to write to Frances.



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| 3½ Medium Brown          | 6½ Ash Blonde     |
| 4 Brown                  | 7 Reddish Blonde  |
| 4½ Light Brown           | 8 Blonde          |
| 4½ Light Golden Brown    | 8½ Golden Blonde  |
| 4½ Lightest Golden Brown | 9 Light Blonde    |

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# Worth Reporting

**THOUGH** Maori women have had the franchise on the same basis as European women from 1893, their first national organisation has only recently been formed in New Zealand.

It is the Maori Women's Welfare League, which already has 187 branches. The league will be represented at the sixth international conference of the Pan-Pacific Women's Association at Christchurch next month.

Miss Josephine Schain, an American lawyer and international chairman of the association, will preside over the conference, which will be attended by representatives of Pacific countries.

Mrs. Whine Cooper is first president of the league. She farms her own property at Hokianga, has been an active welfare worker for many years, and is one of the few women secretaries of a tribal executive.

Mrs. Rumatiki Wright, senior Maori welfare officer of New Zealand, presided over the conference, at which the league's constitution was adopted.

Miss Mira Petricevich, B.A., of Auckland University College, teacher and industrial welfare worker, is a member of the league's first executive. She studied Social Science at the University of Hawaii on an American Association of University Women bursary.

The league has no political or religious affiliations, and its work is voluntary. It will work with tribal, governmental, and civic organisations for the advancement and welfare of Maori people.

## RIVETS



## Dachshunds will bark in French

DACHSHUND breeder Miss Clair Aytoun, of Croydon, Victoria, has been teaching two dachshunds French. They are Ashintully Black Dougall and his mate Brethedon Bron, who, as a gift from Mrs. R. G. Casey, will live in Indo-China at the palace of ex-Emperor Bao Dai.

French is the only foreign language spoken at the palace, and Mrs. Casey thought it wise to have the dachshunds taught to obey commands in that language before they were transferred to their royal home.

Miss Aytoun has taught them to obey such commands as "couche-toi" (lie down), "viens-ici" (come here), and "assieds-toi" (sit down).

When we asked her if the dachshunds had proved bright pupils, Miss Aytoun replied that teaching had been made considerably easier through Bron slavishly copying Black Dougall.

"It was love at first sight when Bron arrived here from her Queensland kennels a few weeks ago," she added.

The dachshunds were coached in air travel as well as French. To break them in for the flight to Singapore by commercial freighter and then by R.A.F. to Indo-China, they went through a commando course of sleeping in a straw-lined crate.

AN Australian business institute follows the admirable principle of sending its friends a quarterly publication which they call a cheeriodical. Information gathered at random from the last issue: Human bones are only one-quarter as strong as cast iron; the world's food supply is preyed-on by 6000 different kinds of pests; it isn't the lightning that damages the tree it strikes—it's the heat it creates. Know any other cheery facts or figures?

## "We've never lost a father"



"Is your journey really necessary?" is the caption under this illustration in Stewart McCrae's recently published book about the trials of young parents-to-be, "We Never Lost a Father." Published by Shakespeare Head Press, the book is on sale at all booksellers and newsagents, price 3/.

## Top art collection auctioned

ONE of South Australia's best art collections—that of the late W. H. Hickson-Adams—realised £6300 when its 258 items were auctioned in Adelaide recently.

Top price of 790 guineas was paid for a Streeton canvas, "The Red Gum Trees." It had once belonged to famous English actress Marie Tempest. A W. B. M'Innes landscape, "Silver Sheen," was sold for 300 guineas.

Spectators were taken by surprise when George Lambert's "Nude" brought only 16 guineas.

The Lambert prestige was later restored when two oils, "With the Light Horse in Palestine" and "Artist and Model," brought respectively 302 guineas and 90 guineas.

There was a stir of expectancy when Norman Lindsay's "Beach Girls" came under the hammer, but it failed to reach the reserve. Top price for a Norman Lindsay was 75 guineas.

Albert Namatjira sold best of the Hermannsburg artists, his "Niruni Range" bringing 45 guineas.

The collection included seven Hilder watercolors, which brought 720 guineas, "Southernly on the Harbor" reaching the highest price, 170 guineas.

Some of the Hilders were bought by Stephan Heysen, son of Hans Heysen, on behalf of interstate buyers.

## Shopping a la (modern) mode

SHOPPING in comfort has been brought to a fine art in Bullock Wiltshire's new Santa Monica (California) department store.

Captain Gerry Cook, R.N., who recently returned to Melbourne from a trip to the United States, said that the motorist customer is met by a uniformed commissionaire who politely inquires, "What are you shopping for, sir?"

He is then directed to an exterior ramp, and drives up to an altitude parking area on the same level as the department to be visited.

Shopping over, an assistant neatly stacks the purchases in the car, and the motorist then leaves by the same ramp.

Captain Cook points out that the firm has almost eliminated the expense of making deliveries.



"Why not take an aspirin?"

... I mean a Disprin"

Disprin confers all the benefits of aspirin and important benefits of its own. Disprin is substantially neutral (non-acid), and does not cause gastric acidity or irritation. And because it is freely soluble, Disprin is readily absorbed and its pain-relieving, soothing benefits are felt without delay.

Disprin is recommended for all those conditions in which ordinary aspirin would have been taken.



**DISPRIN**

TO RELIEVE PAIN

Obtainable only from chemists

My Family use  
**NUGGET**  
SHOE POLISH

because

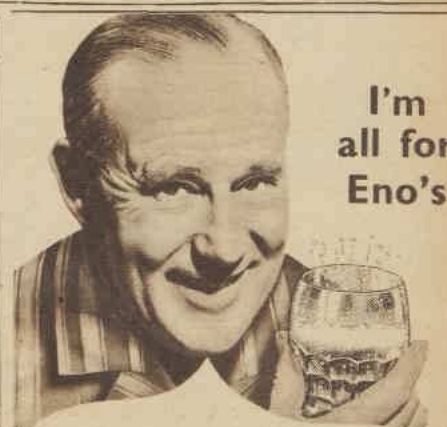
- ★ NUGGET STAYS MOIST
- ★ NUGGET BLACK IS BLACKER
- ★ THE NEW DARK TAN IS RICHER



Nugget this REALLY open with a twist

**NUGGET**  
SHOE POLISH

Remains moist to the last speck



It's good for the liver!

A glass of sparkling ENO'S first thing in the morning is good for the liver. It clears the head in no time. The wonderful effervescence is cleansing and refreshing to a stale nasty mouth. The non habit-forming laxative action keeps the system regular. ENO'S is pleasant to take. It contains no Glauber's Salt, no Epsom Salts, and in its action it is gentle yet quickly effective. A real family remedy. Keep your "Fruit Salt" handy!



**Eno's 'Fruit Salt'**

Keeps the family regular

WHAT WILL BE THE TWENTY-FIRST QUESTION? Taken at JACK DAVIS, London, 8 a.m. Nov. 24, 1950. A.V.D.

The words "ENO" and "FRUIT SALT" are registered Trade Marks





## look good and cool in

## Play-stripes

Whatever you do — wherever you go — go places with Wytex Play-Stripes. There's a dazzling array of styles and fast colours! They're comfortable, breezy-cool, absorbent!

And their good fit makes Wytex a friend of men, women and children everywhere. Easy-going prices too!

Choose from the gorgeous range at your local store.

**WYTEX**



# Gala Fashions

★ Four models from famous London and Paris fashion houses typify the new era in evening elegance and formality and illustrate the increased use of rich and exotic fabrics and color contrasts.



● Gold coin-spots on scarlet net are used for the Christian Dior model, above. The dress has a bare top and wide hemline. The matching shell-cap adds formality.

● Matiff of London combines Galway-green and black silk taffeta for the dramatic ball gown, right. Black embroidery adds further richness to the fitted bodice.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 26, 1951



● Rose-trimmed bare-topped evening gown, above, was designed by the Queen's dressmaker, Norman Hartnell. The model is made in deep flounces of yellow tulle mounted on gold tissue.



● Pierre Balmain designed the picturesque ensemble, above. Dress is black Spanish lace over rose-pink satin. Hooded coat in black silk taffeta is outlined with passementerie.

Page 31



# Piperonyl Butoxide makes Pyrethrum in Mortein even deadlier than before!

These facts will interest you . . .

Mortein is Australia's best-selling insect spray . . . has been for many years past. That's because almost everyone realises that Mortein is the most safe-and-sure killer of flies, mosquitoes and all insect pests.

## PYRETHRUM

The makers of Mortein have always known that much of Mortein's effectiveness is due to the high percentage of scarce, costly Pyrethrum that goes into every bottle. Pyrethrum has been proved the quickest and most certain killer of insect pests. (Indeed, when it was found that insects rapidly became immune to the once-popular D.D.T., Mortein's faith in Pyrethrum was more than ever justified.)

## Enter Piperonyl Butoxide

But, with the march of science, a way has been found to make Pyrethrum even more effective. Scientists have discovered that by adding a synergist—Piperonyl Butoxide—to Pyrethrum, it becomes many times more deadly to insect pests. One tiny particle of this new "activated" spray kills 'em stone dead.

## No Substitutes, Please

Because of the great demand for Mortein—don't blame your storekeeper if he occasionally runs out of stock. He'll keep a bottle for you from his next order. In the meantime, try the other shops in your locality—some of them are sure to have Mortein on hand. The important thing is—NEVER ACCEPT A SUBSTITUTE. It can't be as good—it can't be as safe!

## Saves Money

A surprising feature is that the price of MORTEIN PLUS has not been increased, even though the new "synergising" process involves a good deal of expense. It still costs 2/1 for the standard bottle, 4/1 for the extra-large size . . . making Mortein the most economically priced insect spray.

(Prices slightly higher in some country areas.)

## Exclusive to Mortein

Since the development of Piperonyl Butoxide as a synergist, it has been included in 90% of all American Pyrethrum insecticides. But there's only one Australian spray with this wonder formula—the new activated MORTEIN PLUS, now on sale everywhere. Australia's Mortein Plus is at least twice as powerful as the American "A.A." standard.

THE NEW  
**Mortein plus**

HARMLESS TO HUMANS—  
FATAL TO INSECT PESTS!



NEW . . . Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration 1 to 3 Days

1. Instantly stops perspiration, keeps armpits dry. Acts safely, as proved by leading doctors.
2. Does not rot dresses or men's shirts.
3. Removes odor from perspiration on contact in 2 seconds. Has antiseptic action.
4. Does not irritate skin. Can be used right after shaving.
5. A pure, white, stainless vanishing cream.



**ARRID**

DON'T BE HALF-SAFE. BE ARRID-SAFE. USE ARRID—TO BE SURE!

# Forty-five Yards Of Red Ribbon

Continued from page 3

SO Jonty and Simon and I all grew up in the belief that the world could very easily be moulded to the heart's desire. But as I got older I began to be a little restive. Perhaps there was something of cousin Jonathan in me, after all.

One winter morning, at breakfast, when Mother had said that she believed she would "tidy" the attic that day, I said, "Mother, wouldn't it be a good idea to go through all the things up there and sort them out, and then we should know exactly what we've got?"

Mother shook back her shining black hair and stared at me out of wide eyes. "But, Charlotte, do you think that would be pleasant, to know exactly what we've got?"

"Yes," I said firmly, "I think it would."

My character was indeed developing along severely practical lines, and I was sceptical about most of Mother's beliefs. The attic was more tangible than the rest, so I thought I would begin my overturning campaign with that. But in the end I was not ruthless enough: the attic as a perpetual box of surprises was such a pleasure to her.

The winter days went by untroubled, and the long happy winter evenings. Father was absorbed in the design of an apparatus for shelling eggs and we seldom saw him, except at meals, and sometimes late in the evening, when he would sit on the low stool by the fire and play his guitar while we all sang our favorite folk songs.

But—again, as usual—there was a cloud blowing up. The egg-shelling machine was taking a long time to come right, the financial situation was bad, and it was almost Christmas.

Mother would sometimes look into the fire and sigh. It was not the necessities she was worrying about—the situation was not as bad as that. There would be plenty of food; there might even be presents; but what was to be done about the scheme of decoration?

There was holly in the garden to stick behind pictures and over doors in the dining-room, the study, and the hall, but the long drawing-room was always Mother's particular concern.

On Christmas Eve she would spend the whole day transforming it into a fairyland—and every year it was different. Once it had been a setting for a snow queen, sparkling with mock snow and glass bells and frosted paper icicles; once it was done in dark green velvet, with Christmas roses and tall white candles. It was always breath-taking.

Mother had planned long ago what she wanted to do this year, and, though she kept the details to herself, I knew it was something that would cost money. She was unhappy because in her mind's eye was a wonderful scheme of decoration to delight us all, and now we were to be cheated of it. She could stand disappointment for herself, but she could not bear the thought that Father and I and the twins should suffer it.

That was how matters stood when Cousin Jonathan's letter, announcing the date of his visit, arrived.

"He'll be here on Friday," Mother said, and we saw her

biting her lip anxiously as she calculated what was to be provided for the week-end.

We always put on a show of conventional affluence for Cousin Jonathan.

While he was with us there was dinner instead of supper, with everyone bathed and dressed for it. There was wine, too, for him to share with Father, and hot water all day long, and Minna wearing a white cap and apron, and the cats turned out of the bedrooms to live in the kitchen.

It was quite a performance, and we took a perverse pride in making it a faultless one. But this, too, cost money.

I was thinking that Mother could have bought whatever it was she wanted if it had not been for Cousin Jonathan. Simon must have been thinking the same thing, because he said: "Does he have to come, Mother? We all loathe him, and I'm sure he loathes us."

But Mother would not have that. Another of her beliefs was that "everyone is good at heart." "Of course he must come," she said, "and it's a terrible thing to say you loathe anyone, Simon. Jonathan has some good qualities, and he is fond of his family."

So Cousin Jonathan came. He stood in the hall shaking the snow from his boots, and his dark, bitter face looked as hard as ever. Another of the beliefs Mother tried to pass on to us collapsed in me. There was no good in Cousin Jonathan's heart.

"Good evening, Charlotte," he said, as we shook hands. "You don't appear to have grown very much." He never wasted any time on me; I looked like my father, and nothing I could do would make up for that.

He was more agreeable with Simon and Jonty, because they both resembled Mother and the family. With Father he was barely civil. Father had lived almost all his life in England, but Cousin Jonathan still treated him like a foreigner, and even raised his voice in speaking to him, as Englishmen do when they talk to a person who does not understand their language.

We settled down to a week-end of boredom and good behaviour. The strain fell heavily on Mother, of course, and this year, things being as they were, it was more worrying than ever.

On the Monday morning I found her in the cold study, looking out of the window at the snow, with tears running down her face.

"Oh, Charlotte!" she said when she turned and saw me. "There'll be no Scheme this year, and I wanted so much to do it. It's simple, really; I only wanted the ribbon . . . but it isn't any good if I can't have a lot of it . . . yards and yards of red ribbon I wanted . . ."

I was opening my mouth to try to say something comforting, but then I closed it again. Cousin Jonathan had followed me into the study.

"I believe, Caroline, you have a book of Uncle Edward's sermons," he said to Mother. "May I look on the shelves for it?"

Mother pulled herself together quickly, and as I slammed out of the room she was talking calmly to Cousin

Jonathan of books and sermons and Uncle Edward.

"Hateful man!" I said to myself. "Hateful, wretched man! Why can't he leave us in peace? Thank goodness he'll be gone by to-morrow!"

On Monday afternoon there was an unexpected respite. Cousin Jonathan asked to be driven into the market town. He did not even want Jonty's company, so for two whole hours we had the house to ourselves, and a forecast of how lovely it would be when he was really gone.

The next morning, after the lavish breakfast, he asked Mother if he might look through the books in the attic before he left. That was so like him; he never behaved like a friend, but always asked permission before he did anything.

When he came down we were all waiting in the hall to say good-bye. He solemnly handed out the neatly wrapped good books to Jonty, Simon, and me, and wished us all "a happy and holy Christmas."

As he pulled on his gloves a tiny scrap of paper fell to the floor. No one else seemed to notice, so I said nothing: I was so anxious for him to get away. But when he was gone and the door was closed, I automatically picked up the piece of paper and put it in my pocket to tidy it away.

Mother sighed. "I think I'll just go up to the attic," she said.

Poor Mother! The Scheme possibilities of the attic had been exhausted long ago.

Jonty and Simon went off with Father to admire the egg-shelling machine, which was apparently all that it should be at last. But, of course, it was too late, and Father's pleasure in it was overshadowed because he knew it was too late . . .

I sighed, too, and went into the kitchen to talk to Minna, who had flung her white cap on the floor and was dealing with the breakfast dishes and muttering to herself in German about fine gentlemen who were mean with their money and showed no consideration.

We hadn't nearly finished criticising him when I heard Mother calling urgently from the drawing-room: "Charlotte! Charlotte! Come quickly!"

Trouble, it was sure to be trouble. Almost afraid, I hurried to the room. Father and

the boys had appeared, too, attracted by Mother's cry.

We saw an amazing sight—a little miracle.

Mother stood in the middle of the room, her eyes very wide, her hands full of something soft and bright: soft and bright, and shining scarlet that ran through her hands and cascaded into brilliant heaps at her feet—yards and yards and incredible yards of red ribbon.

I gazed at in awe. "In the attic!" she said. "It was in the attic. Wrapped up in an old piece of paper, and how I can have missed it before I simply don't know. It's the answer to a prayer, Charlotte. Now say you don't believe in the attic."

Away she went, leaving the ribbon in a glowing, coiling pile on the carpet. I put my hands in my pockets and leaned back against the wall staring at it. Still dazed, I took out the scrap of paper. I felt in one pocket and smoothed it out.

Minutes later I heard them in the dining-room. Father's voice, and Mother's, Jonty's and Simon's, all laughing and talking at once, shouting about a celebration, about Christmas coming and Mother's find and the egg machine and no more Cousin Jonathan until June—shouting to me to come along and join in.

But I waited a moment longer before I went. I had been sorting out my ideas in those few minutes, and adjusting my opinions.

I had been thinking again of the women of Mother's family, and wondering if it were possible that they had all been able to keep their gaiety and their beliefs only because of the strength of the hard-faced men who had willed it so.

I had been remembering that it was always Christmas or midsummer when fishing-rods, dresses, shoes, tents had been discovered in the attic . . .

The myth of that attic was quite, quite dead for me, but the other belief of Mother's, that far more permanent and solacing theory of goodness of heart—there might, after all, be something in that . . .

For the piece of paper that Cousin Jonathan had dropped was a receipted bill from the drapery store, a bill for forty-five yards of red ribbon.

(Copyright)

# The Family Scrapbook

By DR. ERNEST G. OSBORNE

MRS. Watson was talking with her husband about their holiday trip. "We will be with your sister for a week," she said. "Her ideas on raising children are different from ours. I don't want our children to stay up as late as her kiddies do. Yet she'll think I'm fussy if we pack them off to bed a couple of hours early."

It's a rare family in which such differences in raising children aren't to be found. Usually a middle-of-the-road approach is best. It won't hurt children to stay up late once in a while.

A few days back on the



Relaxing the rules now and again.

old routine and the children will be on an even keel again. Most important is the keeping of good relationships with our kindfolk.

All characters are fictitious.



# And Glory Shone Around

THE old man mixed medicines from strong-smelling forest herbs, bound up wounds, carved wooden toys for the children, and guided their faltering hands as they formed their letters. He seemed to be everywhere, his gentle spirit bringing joy and peace to those around him.

But he never made a crutch of himself. He had a way of making people feel they wanted to do things with him, to learn to be as skilful as he.

"When this happens again, you'll know what to do, won't you?" he would say.

Slowly over the months, as summer lengthened the days and the miracle of seed, blossom, and harvest transformed the face of the mountains, a new spirit was born among the simple people of Pine Valley.

Men no longer trudged to work with downcast eyes. They walked with swinging stride, pointed to the far-off peaks rising majestically over the green ocean of forests, watched the wild, swift grace of flying birds and the drama of changing skies.

Their senses revived after long atrophy, they smelt the fragrance of their forest world, listened to the clear, sweet music of birds and wind and mountain stream, heard the happy echo of children's voices among the trees.

As in nature, the changes came slowly, step by step. Smiles lit faces that had long been clouded and dark. A neighbor's problems became the problems of Pine Valley, and in answer to the challenge shoulders grew broad to bear them.

On moonlit nights the old man who was no longer a stranger could be heard working in the yard behind the cabin, the rhythmic blows of his hammer and the rasp of his saw were woven into a lullaby that marked the end of another day.

Paul Thompson listened to the muted sounds of his labor as he sat in the small circle of candle-light. Many years had passed since last he had held a pen in his hand.

From their bed his wife watched him with unblinking eyes and a full heart. That letter, so laboriously written, would open the door of their home once more to their son, the brilliant young George, who, in defiance of his father, had chosen the city.

A tear trickled down her wrinkled cheek as she thought of her tall boy with the serious face. He had worked hard at the school and read great books far into the night. The last she had heard of him he was working in the city and studying.

That was ten years ago. Her husband had forbidden her to open his letters and she had obeyed him blindly.

Would the miracle happen? The old woman murmured a wordless prayer. No sound was ever sweeter to her ears than the scratching of the pen which Paul had borrowed from the old man.

Young Dick Ratcliffe was entrusted with the letter when he rode down the long forest track to Andrew's store, where the mail van called. There he found a parcel addressed to his Aunt Ellen.

Continued from page 7

On his return he off-saddled and went straight to the cottage of his uncle and aunt. He was filled with curiosity. The parcel had a city postmark and, as the last of the paper fell away, he saw that it contained books.

Aunt Ellen laid them on the table. She picked up one and opened it, her hands smoothing the pages as though she loved them.

"We are starting a school here," she said, and her thin face was flushed with excitement. "The old man will help me at first. Later we'll get a real teacher from the city."

Her words filled the boy with a new pride. He had known his aunt could read and write, but he had never imagined she could teach others. He stared at her in admiration.

"Can I go to the school?" he asked shyly.

The school was a success. Every morning, Monday to Friday, Ellen Ratcliffe was to be seen at ten to nine bustling along the main street with her

young woman with a merry laugh. Their children were sturdy, healthy little creatures who played happily about the Thompsons' yard under the adoring eyes of their grandmother.

It was not long before the children were running across the road to the mission cabin, and naturally their parents followed them. As he passed in the afternoon Dick Ratcliffe often saw them sitting under a tree with the old man, oblivious of everything but themselves.

Sometimes his Aunt Ellen was there, too, talking earnestly with George and his wife, while the old man sat a little apart, smiling contentedly.

At last George made the announcement for which his mother had never dared to hope.

"We've decided to stay," he said gently. "We're going to build a home and run the school. There is a great deal to do. Perhaps in time we'll even have a hospital."

The night of Christmas Eve was warm and still. No wind stirred the trees, no bird called from their branches, no carols floated mournfully in through the windows. One by one the candles went out and a dark silence enveloped the town.

Then suddenly across the stillness came the chiming of a bell.

As though answering a summons, the people of Pine Valley rose from their beds—Ellen Ratcliffe and Dan, her husband; the Thompsons, Peter Smith and his wife, young Dick Ratcliffe, they all dressed calmly and without alarm.

As they walked out of their houses the insistent pealing of the bell echoed through the night, although everyone knew there was no bell in Pine Valley—no bell for miles around.

The moon had slipped behind a cloud, and it was very dark, but the people found their way without faltering to the little church beside the mission cabin.

The chiming of the bell was very loud now, and they saw that the door of the church stood open. With soft slow tread, the people crossed the threshold that had known no footfall for so many years.

What they saw filled their hearts with awe. There, before the rough wooden altar knelt the radiant figure of the Old Man, His bowed head crowned with a halo of purest light.

All could testify they had seen Him; that the bright glory of His kneeling figure flooded the little church and lit undying candles of love in every heart.

And then He was gone, though the church was still lit by the heavenly after-glow.

"And glory shone around," breathed the widow Vernon, and her head was the first to bow in humble adoration.

(Copyright)

All characters in the serial and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

He was a teacher, his wife a nurse, a bright-eyed, dark

# DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

● A great favorite at present in New York is the petticoat-coat-dress. I suggest this style in answer to a reader who wishes to combine two materials in a striking design.

"I HAVE five yards of navy moire silk and three yards of plaid taffeta to combine in an ensemble to wear at the beginning of next month to a formal afternoon party. I did think of a dress and jacket, but perhaps you could suggest something more unusual. I am 28 years of age and my bust measurement is 36in. I have done some modelling work and rather like American styles."

Very new in fashion and an ideal way to combine your two lengths of material is a button-up coat-dress worn to reveal a contrasting colored petticoat.

Use the navy moire for the dress and plaid taffeta for the petticoat. The design is illustrated at right. Note the combination of primly pretty bodice and bouffant skirt. A paper pattern for the design is obtainable in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. The price is 4/9. The panel at the top of the page will tell you how to order the paper pattern.

## Travelling suit

"AT the end of next month I will be travelling by plane to England and the Continent. My wardrobe is planned, but I still want a good suit. Could you suggest the color and tell me if a blouse or a sweater would be more suitable?"

Black or charcoal-grey (it's



A PAPER pattern for the petticoat-coat-dress, above, is obtainable in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. The design requires 5yds. 36in. material for dress and 3yds. 31in. material for petticoat. Price, 4/9.

practically black) is my suggestion. In London and all parts of the Continent there is nothing more useful, and also correct, than a dark suit. I suggest a blouse rather than a sweater, because blouses become an important contribution to the ensemble theme.



## Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

WHEN ordering a pattern for the design illustrated on this page, address your letter to Mrs. Betty Keep, "Dress Sense," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Enclose the illustration of the design and a postal note for 4/9 for each pattern. BE SURE TO GIVE FULL ADDRESS, INCLUDING THE STATE YOU LIVE IN, AND ALSO SUPPLY SIZE. C.O.D. orders will not be accepted. I will be glad to advise you as usual in my column on any fashion problem.

## Pleats for style

"ARE pleated skirts still in fashion?"

Yes, they are, but fashion does not stop at skirt pleating. Pleats are everywhere. A dress can be pleated from neckline to hemline, pleats can "blouse" out sleeves and "bell" skirts.

## Wedding ensemble

"I DO hope you can help me with a design for a frock and also suggest a color for hat and accessories to wear with it to a wedding. I have a length of heavy crepe in an American Beauty shade. I am medium height and slim."

My suggestion for the design is a one-piece, made with a fitted bodice finished with a double shawl collar matched with double pocket flaps at the hipline of a bell-shaped skirt. Have the skirt completely lined in matching taffeta to give the stiffness this silhouette needs. For the accessories I suggest a matching shade for a cart-wheel hat made in fine braid straw, and light beige for gloves, handbag, and shoes.

## Between seasons

"WHAT kind of between-seasons outfit do you recommend for a woman of fifty-odd? My figure is no longer slim."

Right in current fashion is the dress-coat ensemble, an outfit that is quite ideal to disguise any minor figure fault. It is also perfect for a woman of your age bracket, and is not an extravagant fashion, because one coat can be worn over a number of dresses. I suggest a pyramid coat, which has sufficient generous fullness to be kind to the figure.

"MYREE." An attractive and flattering one-piece designed for the larger figure. The material is a floral haiscord. The color choice includes blue, pink, white on a black ground; red, mauve, turquoise on a dark-blue ground; blue, turquoise, pink on navy ground; ivory, aqua, tanterine on a brown ground.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 38, 40, and 42in. bust. 67/2, 64 and 46in. bust. 66/11.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 38, 40, and 42in. bust. 67/2, 64 and 46in. bust. 48/8. Postage and registration, 3/9 extra.

"RAYMA." A smart one-piece obtainable in striped cotton. Finished with a white plique collar. The color choice includes blue and white, green and white, red and white.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust. 72/8, 36 and 38in. bust. 74/8.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust. 72/8, 36 and 38in. bust. 54/8. Postage and registration, 3/9 extra.

● NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 46.



ONES  
SONS



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 26, 1951



# Christmas in New York

PAULINE herself, in a soft wisp of chiffon and lace, was shouting farewells to the maid, who was just leaving.

"My dear, it's marvellous of you to come," she said, pulling Nora in and giving her a warm hug. "I'm having an awful struggle getting Dale ready—he isn't dressed yet. Carol's got five minutes more before bed; you know where everything is, don't you..."

She rattled on, not leaving Nora a chance to do more than make assenting noises.

The next quarter of an hour was like a whirlwind. But finally Nora and Carol were standing at the door waving to Dale and Pauline as they waited for the elevator.

After Carol was bathed and safely tucked in bed she demanded a story, but soon fell asleep, and Nora went quickly into the kitchen, made coffee, and took it on a tray into the lounge, too tired to bother about anything to eat. She wished there were a fire, though the apartment was warm enough. A fire was companionable. She sighed.

At home the fire would be a handful of warm ashes now, the cat stretched luxuriously out on the rug in front of it. There would be silence in the small house, except for the sombre tick of the grandfather clock in the hall.

Tears came into her eyes. "It's just that I'm tired," she whispered to herself.

But she knew it was more than that. It was Christmas and she was away from home.

Blindly she took up a magazine from the table. Anything to stop herself from thinking. She started to read, but she couldn't concentrate. Even the stories are all the same, she thought bitterly. Girl meets boy, they fall in love, end of story.

She turned the pages of the magazine. Yes, there it came. Girl meeting boy.

Tiredly, Nora felt the magazine slip out of her hands, her head went back against the chair, and she drifted into a doze.

She dreamed she was at a party, here in Pauline's flat. And all the guests were woolly sleeping suits and everyone was eating cereal out of a bowl, but somehow it didn't seem at all odd. And in her dream she kept looking across the room

Continued from page 4

for someone whose eyes would meet hers, someone she wanted to drink a toast to. And then—there he was.

Only he was standing looking down at her, with a quizzical smile on his face.

"Oh," she said faintly, and a blush stained her cheeks.

She struggled into a sitting position, and her heart beat fast as she looked up into the silent face above her own, as her mind tried to sort itself into recognition of where she was and what was happening.

She was in Pauline's flat, and here was a strange young man standing over her. A fleeting terror came and was gone in a flash. There was something comfortingly familiar about this man. What was it? Why, of course! The British Merchant Navy uniform.

He had still said nothing, but now his smile broke into a laugh, showing even white teeth in his tanned face.

"Hullo," he said, and his voice was rich, and friendly, and—English.

"Who are you?" asked Nora, rather sharply.

"I'm Santa Claus, of course," he said gravely. "Who're you?"

She ignored that and stood up. She was, after all, in charge of the apartment. "How did you get in?" she demanded.

"Now, come," he said gaily. "Don't tell me you don't know Santa Claus always comes into a house down the chimney?"

They both turned to where, in an English room, the fireplace would have been, but there was only a large radiator. Then they turned back to each other and burst out laughing.

"Please," she said Nora, "do tell me who you are..."

"Of course," he said. "I'm Pauline Steiber's cousin, Mark Bradford." His hand sketched the ghost of a salute. "My ship only docked a couple of hours ago and I came straight here instead of phoning. I rang the bell—no answer. The liftman, who knows me, let me in. Simple. Now tell me, who you are."

He smiled at her—a slow, embracing smile, as if to bring her into the intimate circle of his charm. Her heart lurched

slightly and her mind whispered "Steady!" but she didn't feel steady at all.

"I'm Nora Hunt," she said. "I'm a friend of Pauline's, looking after Carol while she and Dale go gadding! I'm afraid I was asleep at my post—it's lucky you weren't a burglar."

"I could be lying to you," he said.

Nora looked at him appraisingly, noting the firm chin, the level grey eyes under their strongly marked brows.

"No," she said, and there was a catch in her breath. "You couldn't."

There was a moment's silence between them, a silence electric with things unsaid, with things which would be said, sometime, somewhere. They both knew that this was a moment stopped in eternity—a moment they could look back to one day and say, "That was when I knew... that was when it happened."

HE bowed low, and laughter crinkled the corners of his eyes. Then he snapped his fingers.

"Got it!" he said in answer to the query of her eyebrows.

"You're English, too, aren't you? That's what's been puzzling me about you."

"Oh!" she said. "Yes, I am." She avoided saying she was a teacher. It sounded a dull, unglamorous thing to be. She hoped he wouldn't ask what she was doing here. But, of course, he did. Her heart sank.

"I came over on the exchange of teachers scheme," she said flatly. "I've been here six months."

He said only, "Is this your first Christmas away from home?"

Nora nodded, and knew that her eyes were full of tears. But Mark appeared not to see them.

"Well," he said, and his voice bubbled with laughter again, "we're two foreigners away from home at Christmas! We must do something about it. Nora, I suppose you couldn't rustle up a snack for me, could you? I'm absolutely starving."

Guiltily, her eyes went to her watch. It couldn't be ten to ten! She must have slept for ages.

"My goodness," she said, "So am I, now you mention it. I haven't had my supper and it's all ready in the fridge. They'll be back any minute now and it looks so rude not to have eaten it."

She led the way to the kitchen, chattering to Mark over her shoulder. In the ice-box was a plate heaped with slices of succulent ham, a carton of potato salad and a package of walnut ice-cream.

Nora by now was quite used to seeing so much food, but Mark, just off a British ship, let out a whistle of appreciation as Nora took out the things she presumed were meant for her supper.

"Do you think that will be enough for you?" she asked. "Because I expect there's a lot of stuff in the deep-freeze section and I'm sure Pauline wouldn't mind my cooking you something."

"Oh, no," exclaimed Mark. "There's enough here for six of us—and very tasty too. Let's eat it here, shall we?"

Please turn to page 39



**ARIES** (March 21-April 20): Start a holiday trip on December 27 for fun and romance. December 29 may provide a springboard into the New Year but you'll need to be a good diver. December 31 is socially ace-high.

**TAURUS** (April 21-May 20): You may be fascinated by the possibilities of an unusual proposition on December 29. There's a snag, as you'll discover on December 31, but you can deal with it.

**GEMINI** (May 21-June 21): Don't kid yourself into gambling on love or money this week; even a "dead cert." may fail to come home. Information received on December 31 should prove reliable and bring changes soon.

**CANCER** (June 22-July 22): Hasty decisions made on December 28 may be reversed later. Postpone anything connected with permanent changes of residence. December 31 for new enterprises, outings, and entertainments.

**LEO** (July 23-August 22): The Lion family should be lucky during the next few days. It depends on your interests whether this applies to a love affair, a business matter, or a personal triumph.

**VIRGO** (August 23-September 23): News concerning a wish close to your heart may be forthcoming on December 27, with expectations mounting and hopes justified by December 31.

Printed by Congress Printing Limited for the publisher, Consolidated Press Limited, 188-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

## As I read the Stars

By EVE HILLIARD

**LIBRA** (September 24-October 23): December 29 offers such a wide choice of interesting activities that you may find it hard to make up your mind. Don't worry if you get into deep water on December 31. A friend will come to the rescue.

**SCORPIO** (October 24-November 22): A bit of indulgence or a minor luxury could bring sparkle to December 27 or 31. January 1 for a brand new fascinating enterprise—you'll be ready for it.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 23-December 20): On December 28 overlook minor troubles or differences of opinion among friends. Concentrate on December 26 and 30 for good times.

**CAPRICORN** (December 21-January 19): If you have a wonderful idea on December 27, obstacles will make you only more determined to carry it out.

**AQUARIUS** (January 20-February 19): Sudden news, an unexpected invitation, possibly a disappointment over a wish could make December 28 overcast, but 31 is compensation plus.

**PISCES** (February 20-March 20): December 27 and 31 are splendid for going social. If December 29 brings a problem Pisces will solve it. January 1 brings a new deal.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]

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## Beauty in brief:

### A Smooth Touch

By CAROLYN EARLE

- Roughened skin affects the majority of people in mid or late summer, and ways of making complexions baby-smooth again are sought after.

A WEEKLY treatment of beauty grains—a preparation which cleans the skin by removing flaky top skin and bringing up smooth underneath surfaces—is one way of improving skin color and condition.

A healthy basis for grain treatment is to go over your face with the face cream you normally use; remove this gently but thoroughly, then follow with a dab of cottonwool saturated with skin lotion.

Next make a paste in the palm of your hand with the grains, spread it over face and neck, and when it is almost dry rub with a washcloth or wet wadding.

Keep on rubbing briskly until most of the paste disappears, and finish off by rinsing well with cold water.



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AUTHORISED BY THE AUSTRALIAN EGG PRODUCERS' COUNCIL

E10-42

by ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

## PERRY MASON

• In Manila, Max Carson, army deserter, who is posing as David Bidon, threatens to kill his girlfriend Lasa if she gives him away, but he doesn't tell her that Bidon's rich wife, Ilya, is the reason for his impersonation. Perry Mason and Paul Drake tell her about Bidon's wife, hoping that she will tell them what happened to the real Bidon.



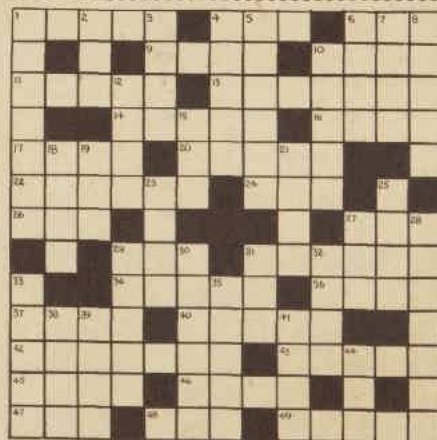
## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

- Defamatory statement (5)
- Sign of the Zodiac (3)
- The least bit (3)
- Countenance (4)
- Small child (4)
- Card game (5)
- Single eye-glass (7)
- Adhesive substance (3)
- Criminal trial (4)
- Queensland town (4)
- Articles (5)
- Charm (4)
- Drunkard (3)
- Cover (3)
- Understanding (3)
- Exist (3)
- Alure (4)
- Sprinkle (5)
- Remarkable person (4)
- Coleseed (4)
- Singh (3)
- Attendant (7)
- Treatment (5)
- Worthless (4)
- Prognostic (4)
- Poem (3)
- Perched (3)
- Heckneyed (5)



Solution to last week's crossword



Solution will be published next week

### DOWN

- Following the letter (7)
- Drinking place (3)
- Purity (4)
- Forgive (5)
- Makes amends (6)
- Of distinctive quality (4)
- Competent (4)
- Noblemen (5)
- Hoist (5)
- By way of mouth (4)
- Take a seat (3)
- Leave out (4)
- Mire (3)
- Poetic morning (4)
- French river (4)
- Staple food in the East (4)
- Calm (3)
- Earthy (7)
- White poplar (5)
- Head of a newspaper (6)
- Sheep (3)
- Young children (4)
- Desperado (5)
- Opponent (3)
- Bour substance (4)
- 6 1/2 yards (4)
- Stunted (4)
- One of the caliphs (3)





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## "Why every Australian woman owes a debt of gratitude to our Servicemen"

By Dame Enid Lyons

Whenever I see a man in Service uniform—and I seem to see more of them today than for many years—I am reminded of the dark days of 1942 when war threatened our homes and enemy bombs and shells were falling on Australian soil. Those were the days when we were glad of the protection of our men in uniform, grateful for their valour and proud of their fighting skill.

Today, when the grim threat of World War III hangs over us all, we owe a similar debt of gratitude to the men who are serving in the Forces. They are men who have voluntarily pledged themselves to defend Australia if the

need arises, and who inherit the great traditions of our famous Navy, Army and Air Force. They are ready, willing and able to defend their homes and the ones they love.

Much as she hates the thought of war, every thinking Australian woman must realise that war today is a real and possibly imminent danger. Let us be thankful for the protection of the men who have volunteered to serve Australia and let us give them the help and encouragement they deserve. They are performing a vital national service.

### A Proud Career for young men . . .

Today, the best of Australia's manhood are joining the Navy, Army and Air Force—proud to be doing such a nationally important task. They are embarking on careers rich in tradition, full of interest, well paid and secure. Each of the Services offers over 100 specialised careers, with on-the-job training, excellent pay, plus free quarters, food, initial clothing issue, medical and dental attention. Details of enlistment can be obtained at Recruiting centres in all States.

*Men who cannot serve full-time can make an important contribution to Australia's defence preparedness by joining one of the part-time citizen forces—the Naval Reserve, the Citizen Military Forces or the R.A.A.F. Active Reserve.*

*Enid Lyons,*

**the NAVY, ARMY, AIR FORCE  
guard Australia**



Issued by the Director-General of Recruiting

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 26, 1951



# Christmas in New York

Continued from page 35

MARK was for eating it out of cartons and dishes as it was, and saving the washing up, but Nora's home-making instincts were aroused, and she found quaint pleasure in setting the kitchen table and arranging the food attractively on plates.

It was a cosy kitchen, and the table did look pretty, she thought. There was something pleasantly homelike about having a man on the other side of it.

As they talked about home and other Christmases, they seemed to draw closer to each other. Their minds were so attuned, their tastes so complementary, that Nora thought in wonder that here was a man who had become instantly a friend, forever.

She had a curious sense of detachment. As though she stood apart from the two of them, watching and listening.

I'm falling in love, she thought, jubilantly. Just like in the stories. And it's wonderful.

"I wonder when they'll get back?" said Mark, lazily. "I know Pauline has no idea of time. But I thought she would want to do some stocking filling for Carol. And I want to hear about my favorite girl."

His words brought her down to earth with a jolt. Of course! No man as attractive as Mark walked about with a reserved notice pinned somewhere.

"In which of your many ports is your favorite girl?" she asked lightly.

"Why, here!" he said in mock surprise. "Haven't you met her? But you must have—you probably bathed her and put her to bed!"

He laughed outright, and took her hand. "Were you worried, Nora?" he asked softly.

She was annoyed to feel herself blushing, and could think of no quick, casual reply to his teasing. She had been worried, just for a moment, and it shocked her into realising what had happened.

Love at first sight is only something you read about, she told herself fiercely. It doesn't really happen. Not to you.

In her confusion of thought she didn't hear the clang of the lift gate, but now suddenly the flat was full of noise and laughter. Pauline and Dale were back.

"Mark, darling!" cried Pauline, flinging herself on him. "How wonderful—we didn't expect you for a week. Oh, Dale, isn't this nice?" She turned to laugh up at her husband, who came forward to clasp Mark by the hand.

"Glad to see you, Mark. How've you been?"

"Glad I came," retorted Mark. "I hope you're both ashamed, leaving a poor little English girl all alone on Christmas Eve, and you renowned for your hospitality, too!"

He extricated himself from Pauline's embrace and took hold of Nora's hand again.

Nora, blushing and laugh-

ing, said, "Don't be horrid, Mark—they didn't want to go a bit. I persuaded them."

"You did all that, honey," laughed Pauline. "And weren't we hard to talk into it!"

They all laughed, and then Pauline dropped the coat off her shoulders and sniffed eagerly.

"Coffee," she said. "Just what we need. Let's take it into the living-room and have a real gossip. Now, Mark, start from the beginning and tell me all the news..."

She picked the percolator off the hot-plate and led the way into the living-room, talking to Mark, asking questions about her family, his family, what sort of a trip he'd had, how he liked Nora—all rattled off before he could draw breath to reply to any of them.

Dale and Nora followed more slowly with the cups.

"They're nuts about each other," Dale murmured, nodding at Mark and Pauline. "Always have been, I think. They more or less grew up together, you know. It's nice for Pauline, having him turn up like this at Christmas. Incidentally," he went on, looking round the room, "we've a lot to do yet. I hope you'll both stay and help us."

"I'd like to," said Nora, glancing across at Mark, who was busy trying to answer Pauline's questions. "Of course," Pauline broke in. "Do both stay and help trim the tree and do Carol's stocking. And Mark must sleep here—you can have the day-bed in here, Mark, if you don't mind it. I was hoping to persuade Nora to stay, but she does have a place to go, and I guess you don't."

"Merry Christmas!" they all said gaily, toasting one another. "It's funny!" Nora thought. "Girl has met boy, just like the books!"

She looked at Mark over the top of her glass and caught his eyes fixed intently on her face. He tilted his glass very slightly towards her in a silent salute, and drank the contents back in one gulp.

"I don't know about Nora," he said, "but I think it's time we both went. It really is quite late, and you two are going to be up bright and early if I know Carol!"

"Oh, no!" protested Pauline. "We want you to help do the tree—it's great fun."

"And we'd have been glad to, my dear, several hours back," said Mark, laughing at her. "But you must admit you've left it rather late!"

Dale put his arm round his wife and smiled down at her.

"Pauline's a great one for leaving everything to the deadline," he said. "Thinks it's more fun that way. Sometimes she's right, at that!" He hugged her. "Anyhow, it isn't fair to keep you two up any longer."

"I'm a selfish pig," announced Pauline penitently. "Of course you must run along. We'll have a nice domestic little scene all by

ourselves." She smiled up at Dale and squeezed his hand. Anyone could see those two didn't mind being left alone, Nora thought.

"Mark's right," she said. "I'll get my coat if I may, Pauline."

In the quiet of Pauline's room she studied herself in the mirror. Was she imagining it, or had happiness and excitement transformed a rather ordinary face into something approaching beauty? Certainly her eyes were shining, and her face was becomingly flushed.

PAULINE made them promise to be there by four the next day, and Dale came to the elevator shaft with them to see them off the premises and count the spoons, he said.

"Good-bye, children," he said, giving Nora's arm a little squeeze. "See you soon, Merry Christmas."

Then they were out on the dark, quiet street, and there was a hush all around them, as if the world were holding its breath.

"Look, Mark," said Nora, putting out her hand. "Snow-flakes!" The first snow was feathering through the night in soft swirls. Soon their footsteps would be muffled, and the street lights would turn the ground into a million diamond stars.

"Nora," said Mark hesitantly, turning her to face him, "what did you mean when you said you had a date for lunch to-morrow?"

Nora looked into the grey eyes for a moment, and they told her what she wanted to know.

"Why, I meant you, Mark," she said. "That is, if you want to..."

"You know I want to," he said, pulling her close to him. Then his arms went round her and his mouth found hers and clung in a long, tremulous kiss.

The earth spun and the heavens turned over. Nora saw stars all round. She moved her hands caressingly round the back of Mark's head. As their lips parted she leaned her head back to look at him.

"Darling!" she said. It was a new word for her, and she said it softly, tentatively.

"Oh, darling," said Mark, holding her closer and resting his hard, young cheek against her dark hair. "Do you feel as if your ship had come into harbor after a long voyage? As if you had come home?"

"Home for Christmas," said Nora. What a lovely sound the words had. There were so many ways of coming home. Now Christmas had a rich, festive sound. A sound of carols, and firelight, and crackers, and children's voices.

Hand in hand they went off together, step matching step, heartbeat matching heartbeat, unconscious of which way they went, knowing only that it was the right one.

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## Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 26, 1951

Page 39

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# NO longer could Janet see this girl, as the Professor did, as an interesting human specimen, or sport; she found Tanya too dangerous to be amusing; and, rather abruptly excusing herself from further conversation, left Mr. Cook to his happy thoughts.

## Adventuress At Large

Continued from page 5

WITH the first genuinely childish gesture Janet had seen in her Tanya kicked angrily at the stone of the balustrade.

After all, she was thinking wishfully, he's only here till Saturday week. Even Tanya can't do much damage in ten days. But a hotel, as she herself had pointed out, is as much a forcing-house of the emotions as any ocean liner.

Within not ten days, but two, Tanya and Mr. Cook were on terms of such intimacy that Janet's company (which they both continued to seek) afforded merely chaperonage.

She was no longer a stalking-horse, but a gooseberry. It was a situation both painful and ludicrous, and Janet could only hope that the rest of her fellow guests were less keenly alive to it than she was herself.

In point of fact, the other guests at Fort Flag, whether they reproached Tanya or applauded her, whether they wished her luck or held up their hands, found the affair essentially stimulating. It gave them something to talk about, focused their interest. The only exception was poor Tommy.

Poor Tommy had taken Tanya's change of aim hard, and was indeed drinking steadily from noon till midnight, conventionally drowning his sorrows.

Poor Tommy was deplorable. Everyone sympathised with his despair, but he attracted rescue parties only to repel them. The barman did their best for him with ice-water in his martini—a kindly ruse that largely failed, however.

Tanya told Mr. Cook that if there was one thing she hated it was to see anyone under the influence of alcohol.

Tanya's own behaviour, at any rate towards her new admirer, was, quite literally, enchanting. She had Mr. Cook spellbound. Shy and modest as a violet, she did not exactly discourage his attentions, but received them with an air of diffident surprise.

She was a girl, Janet noted almost with admiration, who could commandeer a luxury limousine timidly. She accepted all his gifts timidly.

So far, indeed, Mr. Cook had given her nothing but flowers and lemonade, and the flowers were always inexpensive, for Tanya quite hated orchids; but what might he not give her, once he had the right?

Why settle for orchids when you can get diamonds? thought Janet.

When at last she voiced her distress to the Professor, he was genuinely astonished.

"But what are you worrying about?" he inquired. "Why shouldn't Cook be nobbled like anyone else?"

"Because he's too simple," said Janet. "Too-innocent. I think he's fallen in love with her."

"Just what I say. He's nobbled."

"Suppose he asks her to marry him?"

"Then the chase will have been even more successful than one had hoped," replied Professor Brocard. "And I trust we shall be in at the death." He looked at his wife sharply. "I hope you don't think of doing anything about it?"

"I only wish I could," said Janet. "Why not?"

"It would be upsetting the balance of nature. As soon as man takes sides against any predatory animal, such as the fox, he finds himself overrun by its natural prey, such as the rabbit. Look what happened in Australia."

"But rabbits were introduced into Australia."

"Exactly—by man. It all comes," said the Professor rather hastily, "to the same thing. And as millionaires are the natural prey of gold diggers, let Cook take his chance."

If Janet did so, it was because she saw no alternative. What argument, after all, could she produce in Tanya's disfavor?

To say baldly, "That brat ignored me until I became your friend, and then used me as a stalking-horse," would find Mr. Cook only too ready with an answer: that Tanya had not been ignoring Mrs. Brocard; on the contrary, she had been worshipping from afar.

There was, moreover, something extremely disagreeable in such tale-bearing.

Janet therefore did nothing; and with a week of holiday still to run found herself eagerly looking forward to the day when she could go home.

If her husband wanted to be in at the death, she did not; if the drama were approaching a climax, she did not wish to see it.

For a day or two longer, however, the denouement hung fire. Mr. Cook had not quite lost his head—and, indeed, in a peculiar way, showed no sign of doing so. It was as though the idea of making love to Tanya had never entered his head.

But she's only to fall into his arms, thought Janet—and meant it literally. Tanya needed only to break the last barrier with a physical contact, and Mr. Cook was done for.

On the following Wednesday evening, Tanya did so. It was an evening marked, as every now and then an evening at the Fort Flag was so marked, by a burst of unsophisticated merriment.

It began in the ballroom, where a double conga line suddenly translated itself into the game of oranges and lemons.

Presently the ballroom was empty, because all the younger guests, and a good many old enough to know better, were out on the terrace playing hide-and-seek.

A moon rose over the darkening sea; the seekers began to seek in couples, the leaders were harder and harder to find.

The Professor and Charles Harbin, noting only an unusual degree of rowdiness, retired upstairs to play chess, but Janet, on so beautiful a night, could not bear to be within doors, and walked along the terrace to its farther end, where the steps came up from the beach, and where the open balustraded space afforded too little cover to attract the games party.

That part of the terrace was quite empty, and so were the moon-washed sands below, for the evening was yet too young for the midnight-bathing frolic in which it was certainly going to end.

Let me enjoy the night while I may, thought Janet—and in the same moment realised that she was not so entirely solitary as she had believed. The sands below were not quite empty,

after all; across the bright path of the moon moved the small, dark figure of Mr. Cook.

He was pacing slowly back and forth along the rim of the tide: neat, composed, and utterly out of place. He wasn't made for a romantic background. Night and the boundless sea, in conjunction with A. D. Cook, suggested merely the danger of catching cold.

If he felt himself too old, and too sober, for the fun and games above, he was, of course, perfectly right; but he was also too old to pace damp sand in thin shoes.

Janet leant over the balustrade, meaning to call out and warn him; then she thought that he might be waiting there for Tanya momentarily held her back.

She hesitated: if it was a rendezvous might she not be doing very well to prevent it? Might it not be the saving, in fact, of Mr. Cook, to turn a tete-a-tete into a trio?

Janet looked, leant down again, and hesitated—and hesitated a moment too long.

There was a sound of flying feet behind her. Tanya, running like a deer, shadowy as a white moth, came skimming over the terrace flagstones before an unseen pursuer.

She ran straight to the steps, and almost threw herself down them; and missed her footing and landed, sobbing and breathless, but safe, in Mr. Cook's arms.

Janet never saw who the pursuer was. He halted, and turned rather sheepishly aside, as she passed him on her way back indoors.

She saw nothing more at all, but when, on the following morning, as she was going down to breakfast, Mr. Cook layd her outside the door of his sitting-room, and asked whether she had a few minutes to spare, Janet had no doubt in the world of what he was going to tell her.

As she followed him into the room she saw that he was again wearing his tweed suit; beside the desk stood a strapped suitcase; on the sofa lay a strapped brief-case, a mackintosh, and overcoat.

Mr. Cook followed her glance, and nodded.

"That's right," he said. "I'm leaving."

"But—to-day?" exclaimed Janet—and even as she spoke she saw the reason: Tanya at least might well find the congratulations of the Fort Flag embarrassingly hearty.

"That's right," repeated Mr. Cook. "In about ten minutes. I just want to tell you. If you don't mind, I'll light a pipe."

He did so, very carefully. Janet sat down and waited; it was a moment like the moment before one opens a telegram containing certain ill news.

This one, thought Janet, will

say that Tanya, too, has her luggage packed, and is waiting in the car.

"There's no fool like an old fool," said Mr. Cook suddenly, "is there?"

"But you aren't a fool!" said Janet—her voice sounding light and formal, but not, she hoped, insincere.

"Then it's been a near shave," said Mr. Cook. "You've seen how things are with me. You've seen me lose my heart to little Tanya. And now it's come to the point where I've got to clear out, because if I don't I shall be asking her to marry me. But I couldn't go without a word to you first."

Janet, who found that for the last few seconds she had actually been holding her breath, sighed in absurd relief. For it was absurd, she told herself—reacting almost with anger—to have become so

"Real friends are those who, when you've made a fool of yourself, don't feel that you've done a permanent job."

—Erwin T. Randall

involved in Mr. Cook's affairs and absurd not to have perceived his essential hard-headedness and absurd to feel now that she could almost kiss him for his good sense.

"I think you're quite right," she said. "I think you're very sensible."

"She's too good for me," said Mr. Cook.

Janet's mind as a rule worked very quickly: now, for a moment, it seemed to stop working altogether, it simply contemplated with astonishment the mind of Mr. Cook. What an image of Tanya was therein reflected!

And yet I have seen it all along, thought Janet, remustering her wits. I knew how he idealised her. But I underestimated his magnanimity, I mistook it for shrewdness, and it is my own fault that now I don't know how to help him.

"You know little Tanya," Mr. Cook was saying. "You're the only one here she took to. A lovely child . . . I'm fifty-five, I go to the works in the morning, and come home from the works at night, and take a look at the papers, and maybe play a game of cards with another old codger like myself. What sort of a life would that be for her?"

Impulsively, against her better judgment, Janet reminded him of an asset he seemed to forget.

"Well, after all," she pointed out, "you're a very rich man."

Once again Mr. Cook surprised her.

"Aye," he said, "there's that."

Tanya might marry me for my money. But what sort of a chap should I be to put such a temptation in her way?"

So Mr. Cook escaped. He left the hotel immediately, and by the time Tanya came down to breakfast his car was already some dozen miles away on its homeward route.

But there was a note under Miss Duval's plate, and Janet, seeing her about to open it, rather hastily left the dining-room and made her way again to the terrace end.

Janet was experiencing an extreme lightness of spirit; she rejoiced from her heart at such a signal triumph of innocence she could still hardly grasp; but at the same time realised that Tanya was unlikely to take defeat quietly.

Tanya would be spoiling for a row, and most probably a row with her admired Mrs. Brocard; and Janet, though very willing to get it over as soon as possible, preferred a more secluded terrain than the dining-room.

Sure enough, within five minutes Tanya was at her side—a Tanya white with anger, a Tanya incoherent with bewilderment, a Tanya whose furious hands had twisted and torn at Mr. Cook's letter until it was scarcely legible even when thrust under Janet's nose.

Janet made it out, however: a brief statement of unexpected business calls, a brief line of good wishes, and a brief, formal signature. Sincerely, A. D. Cook. That was all: either Mr. Cook did not know how to express himself more romantically, or else he had determined to show romance an altogether clean pair of heels.

"Yes," said Janet. "I know. I saw him this morning."

Tanya drew her breath with a sound like a hiss.

"I thought so. What lies did you tell him about me?"

The insult, though not unexpected, forced Janet to pause and control herself before answering.

"I told him nothing," she said. "All he knows of you he found out for himself."

Tanya took a menacing step nearer.

"But he was crazy about me! Last night, he was crazy about me!"

"And this morning he has gone home," said Janet. She had no intention of explaining Mr. Cook's motive: Tanya could scarcely be expected to appreciate it.

"You overdid it," said Janet bluntly. "With your girlish ways, you made him feel old enough to be your father."

"But I didn't care how old he was! I'll never get such a chance again. I'd have married him if he'd been ninety!"

"Exactly," retorted Janet. "So Mr. Cook probably realised."

The impact must have been painful, for she was wearing only sandals; but she kicked out again, hurting herself as a child in a tantrum hurts itself, partly out of sheer rage—and partly, Janet remembered, in order to attract adult consolation. And in spite of herself, Janet consoled.

"Of course you'll have other chances," she said. "What about poor Tommy?"

Tanya stopped kicking and began to cry.

"Tommy's no use. He hasn't anything, really. He came into a bit of money and he's just bluing it."

"He was extremely devoted to you," said Janet.

"Well, I liked him," muttered Tanya. "We were having a good time together. I liked him much better than Mr. Cook. If you want to know, we . . . we were properly gone on each other. It's not nearly so easy being hard-boiled as you seem to think." Tanya sniffed loudly. "Now he's drinking his head off . . ."

"You selfish little beast," said Janet. "Go and stop him!"

It was the custom of the Fort Flag orchestra to play "Happy Birthday to You" at least two or three times a week. Sometimes there was a genuine birthday to celebrate; sometimes the recipient of these musical honors had merely won a tennis tournament or a spot-dance; at all events it made for gaiety.

When it played "Happy Birthday" because Miss Duval and poor Tommy were once again seated at adjacent tables, everyone thought it a very good joke, and the whole dining-room broke into applause. "Dear me," said Professor Brocard. "So it's poor Tommy after all!"

"Yes," said Janet. "He's landed."

"Poor Tommy indeed!"

"Poor Tommy and Tanya," said Janet. "They'll lead a raffish sort of life. But at least they're two of a kind."

"Poor Cook," said Charles Harbin suddenly. "There was a time when I thought he'd lost his head!"

"He was a wise fellow, he cut and ran," said the Professor.

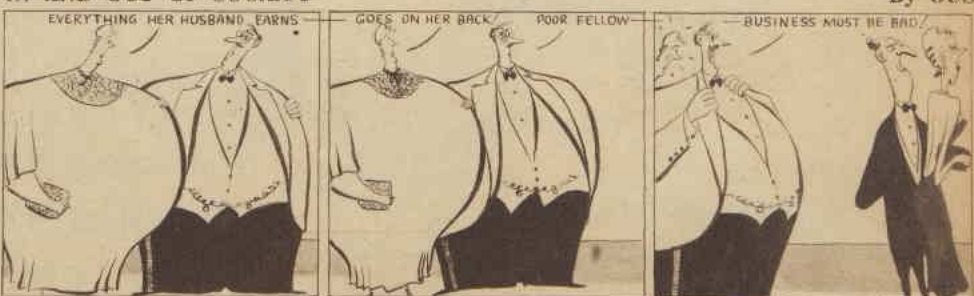
Janet said nothing more. The thought of Mr. Cook's escape filled her with a pleasure which she did not particularly wish to submit to her husband's analysis. She even felt moderately happy about Tanya and poor Tommy.

All the same, she was very glad that on the following day she would be going home.

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### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By GUS





# Holiday-Time is Swift Time!



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**WATER-LILY EGG SALAD** is an attractive way of serving hard-boiled eggs, cream cheese, and tomato slices with other salad ingredients. The recipes on this page explain in detail the method of shaping the water-lilies. Cheese and walnut loaf and papaw and passionfruit cream complete the menu.

# Holiday Tea

• Made in the cool of the morning, kept fresh in an ice-chest or refrigerator all day, and served with a flourish at night, these dishes are just right to finish off a holiday.

**N**OBODY, least of all the housewife who has more than done her share over the Christmas season, relishes the thought of a hot meal at the end of a long summer day out of doors.

Salads and fruit-flavored sweets are the ideal choice for "high tea."

To cater for those who prefer something more substantial than a jellied sweet after a salad main dish, we have included a recipe for a vanilla cream pie to be served cold.

All spoon measurements are level.

## CHEESE AND WALNUT LOAF

Two cups self-raising flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 2oz. shortening, 3oz. grated cheese, 2oz. chopped walnuts, 1 egg,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk, extra 1oz. grated cheese mixed with chopped walnuts.

Sift flour, salt, and cayenne. Rub in shortening, add cheese and walnuts. Mix to a soft

dough with beaten egg and milk. Fill into greased loaf-tin, 8in. x 4in. x 3in. Sprinkle top with extra cheese and nuts. Bake in hot oven (425deg. F. gas, 475deg. F. electric) 25 to 30 minutes. When cold, slice and butter.

## WATER-LILY EGG SALAD

Six hard-boiled eggs, 6 thick slices of tomato, lettuce cups, 2 cups potato salad,  $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. to  $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. cream cheese, 2 tablespoons finely chopped parboiled red pepper (or grated cheese or grated carrot), milk, onion juice, cayenne pepper, mayonnaise, shallots.

Shell hard-boiled eggs, cut a slice from broad end of each so that eggs stand upright. Chill thoroughly. Soften cream cheese with a little milk, flavor with onion juice and cayenne pepper. Color half light green. Fill a teaspoon with the softened cream cheese, level top. Press handle end of bowl of spoon firmly on to egg, close to top, leaving tip of spoon free. Pull down on to egg, swinging spoon with a clockwise motion. Cheese slips

from spoon, making a curved petal. Repeat around top of egg, using white cream cheese. Using green-tinted cream cheese, make petals around base of egg in same way. Chill thoroughly. Fill centres (at top) with finely chopped red pepper (or carrot or cheese), stand each "water-lily" on a tomato slice. Serve on individual plates with potato salad filled into lettuce cups and shallots. Mayonnaise may be served separately.

## PAPAW AND PASSIONFRUIT CREAM

Two ounces good shortening, 2 tablespoons flour,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cups milk,  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup sugar, 2 eggs, 4 dessertspoons gelatine softened in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup hot water, pulp of 4 passionfruit, 1 packet lemon jelly, diced papaw, cream.

Melt shortening over low heat, add flour, and cook 2 or 3 minutes without allowing to brown. Stir in milk and sugar, continue stirring until boiling. Cool slightly, fold in beaten egg-yolks, stir occasionally while cooling. Fold in softened gelatine and passionfruit pulp, then lastly stiffly beaten egg-whites. Prepare lemon jelly in usual way, set a very thin layer in base of wetted mould. Add a half-inch layer of diced papaw, then sufficient jelly to hold the fruit. When firm, pour passionfruit cream in carefully and chill until set. Set balance of papaw and lemon jelly in sandwich-tin. When set, turn on to serving-dish. Unmould passionfruit cream on top and serve decorated with cream.

## ONE-EGG MAYONNAISE

One egg, 1 tablespoon sugar, 2 tablespoons milk, 2 tablespoons vinegar, pepper, salt, and mustard to taste, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon condensed milk or cream.

Beat egg with the sugar, salt, pepper, and

mustard. Add milk, then lastly vinegar drop by drop. Melt butter in double saucepan, gradually add egg mixture, and stir over boiling water until thickened. Cool quickly; before serving, add condensed milk or cream.

## VANILLA CREAM PIE

One 8in. biscuit, pastry, or shortcrust case (cooked and cooled), 2 tablespoons butter or other shortening, 2 tablespoons flour,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cups milk, 1 dessertspoon custard powder blended smoothly with  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup extra milk, 1-3rd cup sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons coconut.

Melt butter, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without allowing to brown. Stir in milk, blended custard powder, and sugar. Continue stirring until boiling, simmer 3 minutes. Cool slightly, fold in egg-yolk, lemon rind, and vanilla, then stiffly beaten egg-white. Fill into pastry-case, top with toasted coconut. Chill before serving in wedges.

## ORANGE TEACAKE

One egg,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon melted butter or other shortening, 1 tablespoon chopped nuts, 3 dessertspoons orange jam.

Separate white from yolk of egg. Beat white stiffly, gradually add sugar, and beat until sugar is dissolved. Fold in egg-yolk, then milk and orange rind. Lastly, fold in sifted flour and salt and melted butter. Turn into well-greased sandwich-tin, place small dabs of jam on top, sprinkle with nuts. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 20 to 25 minutes. Cut into wedges when cold, split and butter before serving.



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## Economy dishes win prizes

Two appetising and economical luncheon or main dinner dishes head the list of prize-winning recipes in our contest this week.

**C**OLD, cooked meat, put through the mincer or finely chopped, may be used instead of steak for the jellied meat ring. Cooked meat should be reheated only, so for the best results remove from the stove as soon as the onion is soft.

Devilled sausages and savory rice are both cheap to make. Rice is a good substitute for potatoes.

All spoon measurements are level.

### JELLIED MEAT RING

**Meat Mixture:** Half pound minced topside or round steak (or ½ lb. finely chopped cooked meat), 1 small onion, ½ cup grated carrot, pepper and salt to taste, ¼ cup water, ½ teaspoon meat or vegetable extract, 1 dessertspoon gelatine.

**Jelly:** One package chicken soup, 3 cups boiling water, sliced cooked carrot, cooked peas, 3 dessertspoons gelatine, salad ingredients.

Simmer steak 30 to 35 minutes with finely chopped onion, carrot, salt, pepper, and water. If cooked meat is used simmer only until onion is tender. Add meat extract and gelatine, stir until dissolved. Allow to cool. Prepare jelly.

**Jelly:** Prepare chicken soup by placing contents of package in saucepan with 3 cups water. Bring to the boil, simmer 5 minutes. Add gelatine, stir until dissolved and allow to become cold. Set a thin layer in bottom of wetted ring-tin. Add sliced carrot and cooked peas, then a small quantity of jelly, and allow to set. Add balance of cold chicken soup mixture, chill until firm. Add meat mixture and chill until set. Unmould and serve with salad ingredients.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. G. F. Mogg, 74 Dourso Street, Mudgee, N.S.W.

### DEVILLED SAUSAGES

One and a half pounds sausages, 2 rashers bacon, strips of cheese, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard, 2 teaspoons vinegar, 2 teaspoons tomato sauce, ½ teaspoon sugar, ½ teaspoon salt.

With a small, sharp knife

split each sausage lengthwise. Open out. Mix mustard, vinegar, tomato sauce, sugar, and salt. Spread thickly over each side of split sausages. Into each slit, place a strip of cheese and a piece of bacon. Place on greased oven tray, cover with greased paper. Bake in moderate oven 35 to 45 minutes. Serve hot.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. H. W. Craig, 13 Sherwood Road, Surrey Hills, E10, Vic.

### SAVORY RICE

One cup rice, 1 medium onion, 2 tablespoons shortening, 2 cups chopped peeled tomatoes (or tomato soup or tomato puree), 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, ½ teaspoon salt, pepper to taste, 1 tablespoon butter.

Wash rice well, place into a large quantity of boiling salted water and boil steadily for 10 minutes, drain. Peel and slice onion, brown lightly in melted shortening in pressure-cooker or heavy saucepan. Pour off excess fat, add tomatoes or tomato puree, sauce, salt, pepper, and well-drained rice. Close cooker, pressure-cook for 5 minutes. Reduce pressure, open cooker, cook 10 minutes longer. In open saucepan cook for 20 minutes. Stir in the butter, garnish with a few onion rings (reserved when onion is browned), serve hot as an entrée or in place of potatoes with baked, grilled, or crumbed foods.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. F. Johanson, 19 Nicholson Crescent, Turner, Canberra, A.C.T.

### PINEAPPLE SYRUP

Place the skin peeled from a large ripe pineapple into a saucepan with water to barely cover. Cook quickly until skin is quite soft and water reduced to half and well colored. Strain through clean muslin, measure. Place into a saucepan with 1 cup sugar to each cup pineapple liquid. Boil quickly until thick and syrupy. Cool, bottle, and keep to serve with ice-cream. Makes about 1 cup.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. G. A. Bradke, Bartle Frere, Qld.



JELLIED MEAT RING, with a layer of sliced cooked carrot and peas for color, is a good week-end dish for the summer weather. Cut in chunky pieces and serve with salad.

## Fresh fruit is essential

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

**F**RESH fruits and fruit juices should be an important item in the diet of every baby, growing child, and adult.

Fruit supplies valuable vitamins and mineral elements without which good nutrition is impossible.

Most fresh fruits or their juices can be taken by babies if they are introduced in small quantities at first and if the

fruit is ripe and sound.

All fruit should be well washed before use.

A leaflet giving the vitamin and mineral values of the commonly used fruits can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney.

Please enclose a stamped, addressed envelope with the request.

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TRY THIS NEW WAY of serving split, grilled sausages flavored with mustard, sauces, cheese, and bacon. The savory rice served with them is appetising and satisfying.



## Stole in crochet



**WORN** mantilla fashion, the stole imports a Spanish air to an evening dress.

### Many ways to wear it

**EVEN** the novice at crochet can make this flattering stole, and anyone could think of half-a-dozen ways in which it could be worn.

Use the wool specified, follow these instructions, and check the tension carefully and your stole will be an unqualified success.

**Materials:** 15 skeins "Sun-Glo" Shrinkproof 3-ply fingering wool, shade No. 1016 (black); 1 medium-sized crochet hook.

**Measurements:** Length, 118in.; width, 24in.

**Abbreviations:** Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; ltr., long treble.

**Tension:** 7 ch., 1in. Crochet 160 ch.

**Next Row:** 3 ch. to turn, \* 2 ch., miss 1 st., 1 ltr. into next st., rep. from \* to end.

Repeat this row throughout until work measures 110in.

Work 2 rows of d.c. all around edges, then make a fringe on each end 4in. long.

## Cotton sweater for summer

**MOSS-STITCH** stripes provide contrast in this cotton sweater, directions for which are given in three sizes, 32, 34, and 36in. bust measurements.

**Materials:** 3 2oz. balls Alexander's Knitting Cotton, No. 8, white; 1 pr. each Nos. 10 and 12 Milward's "Phantom" knitting needles; 1 reel matching shirring elastic; and a 5in. zip fastener.

**Note:** In all ribbing, work the shirring elastic on back of work every third row.

**Measurements:** Length, 21 in.; bust, 32-34in.; sleeve seam, 5in.

**Tension:** 7 stitches to 1in. over pattern rows. Worked at a tension of 6½ stitches to 1in., the pattern will fit a 36in. bust.

**Important Note:** To obtain correct measurements it is essential that the tension corresponds with that quoted above. If your tension of knitting does not agree, try other sizes of needles until the right tension is produced. This is very important.

**Abbreviations:** K., knit; p., purl; inc., increasing; dec., decreasing; tog., together.

### PATTERN ROWS

**1st Row:** \* K 5, moss-stitch 5, rep. from \*, ending with k 5.

**2nd Row:** \* P 5, moss-stitch 5, rep. from \*, ending with p 5.

These two rows are worked throughout, the extra stitches formed by the increases are worked in the pattern.

### BACK

With No. 12 needles, cast on 95 sts. Work 34 rows in k 1, p 1 ribbing.

Change to No. 10 needles. Work the pattern rows, inc. at both ends of 7th row and every following 6th row until there are 119 sts.

Continue without further shaping until work measures 13½ inches from commencement.

**Armhole Shaping.**—Cast off 7 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows, then dec. at both ends of next 5 alternate rows (95 sts.). Work 2 inches without further shaping.

**Back Opening.**—Keeping the continuity of pattern, work 47 sts., k 2 tog., work 47 sts.

Slip the first 47 sts. on to stitch-holder for other side of opening. \* Continue on the 47 sts. until work measures 21 inches, ending at armhole edge.

**Shoulder Shaping.**—Cast off 10 sts. at beginning of next 3 alternate rows. Leave the remaining 17 sts. on a safety-pin. Join cotton at back opening and work on the other 47 sts. from \* to \* for other side.

### FRONT

Work the same as for back until armhole shaping has been completed (95 sts.). Continue in pattern without further shaping until work measures 19 inches from commencement.

**Neck Shaping.**—Work 40 sts., slip centre 15 sts. on to a safety-pin. Work 40. \* Continue on the 40 sts., dec. at neck edge on every row until there are 30 sts. Continue without further shaping until work measures 21 inches from commencement, ending at armhole edge.

**Shoulder Shaping.**—Cast off 10 sts. at the beginning of next 3 alternate rows. \* Slip the 40 sts. back on to needle and work from \* to \* for other side of neck.

### SLEEVES (Both Alike)

With No. 12 needles cast on 75 sts. Work 10 rows in k 1, p 1 ribbing.

Change to No. 10 needles and pattern. Inc. at both ends of

5th and every following 4th row until there are 95 sts. Continue until sleeve measures 5 inches.

**Top Shaping.**—Dec. at both ends of next and every following alternate row until there are 75 sts., then dec. at both ends of every row until there are 25 sts. Cast off.

Sew shoulder seams.

**Neck Ribbing.**—With No. 12 needles and right side of work facing, start at left side of back of neck. Slip the 17 sts. from safety-pin on to needle, pick up and k 20 sts. down side of neck, k centre 15 sts., pick up and k 20 sts. up side of neck, and k 17 sts. from safety-pin (89 sts.).

Work 8 rows in k 1, p 1 ribbing. Cast off loosely.

### TO MAKE UP

Press all pieces on the wrong side under a damp cloth, insert sleeves, sew side and sleeve seams. Press all seams. Sew zip fastener to back opening.



**COOL LOOKING** and crisp, this washable cotton sweater is ideal for summer days on holidays or in town.



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## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

**No. 149.—SMALL GIRL'S NIGHTGOWN**  
The nightgown is cut out ready to make in a pretty printed cotton. Color choice includes pink and blue floral, both printed on a white ground.

Sizes: Length 29in. for 2 years, 13/6; 33in. for 4 years, 14/3; 37in. for 6 years, 14/11; 41in. for 8 years, 15/6. Postage and registration, 1/6 extra.

### No. 152.—SUPPER CLOTH AND MATCHING SERVIETTES

The set is available clearly traced ready to embroider on Irish linen in cream only; on sheer linen in white, blue, green, and pink; and on British cotton in blue, green, pink, and lemon.

The cloth measures 36in. by 36in., and serviettes 11in. by 11in.

A larger-size cloth, 54in. by 54in., traced with the same design, is available in white Irish linen. The cloth has matching serviettes. The lace edging is not included.

Irish or sheer linen cloth, 36in. by 36in., 15/11. Postage and registration, 1/3 extra. Serviettes, 1/3 each. Postage and registration, 3d. extra.

Cotton cloth, 36in. by 36in., 10/3. Postage and registration, 1/3 extra. Serviettes, 1/- each. Postage and registration, 3d. extra. White Irish linen cloth, 54in. by 54in., 37/11. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra. Serviettes, 1/3 each. Postage and registration, 3d. extra.

**NOTE:** Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 6/11 sent by registered post. Send orders for Needlework Notions (note prices) to address given below.



**No. 150.—SMALL GIRL'S DRESS**  
The dress is available cut out ready to make in a dimly dimmed cotton with a zig-zag stripe. Color choice includes pink, yellow, green, and blue, all printed on a white ground.  
Sizes: Length 18in. for 2 years, 14/9; 20in. for 4 years, 15/3; 23in. for 6 years, 17/2; 27in. for 8 years, 17/11. Postage and registration, 1/6 extra.

**No. 151.—SMALL BOY'S PJAMA SUIT**  
The suit is available cut out ready to make in British cotton. The color choice includes lemon, blue, green, and pink.  
Sizes: Length 30in. for 2 years, 13/11; 31in. for 3 years, 14/6; 33in. for 4 years, 15/3; and 37in. for 5-6 years, 15/9. Postage and registration, 1/6 extra.

## Fashion PATTERNS

**F6697:** Pretty design for a nightgown with a lace bertha collar and matching lace bodice trim. Sizes: 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 36in. material, 1 yd. 36in. lace, and 1½ yds. 5in. lace edging. Price, 4/6.

### PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

**F6719:** Beginners' pattern for a small boy's sun-suit. Sizes: 2, 4, 6, and 8 years for 18, 20, 23, and 27in. lengths. Requires 1½ yds. 36in. material and 1½ yds. rick-rack braid. Special price, 2/7.

**F6698:** Simple design for a cool summer dress with embroidered collar trim. Sizes: 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6. Transfer, 1/- extra.

**F6699:** Slim one-piece with smart white accent. Sizes: 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 36in. material and 1 yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 3/6.

**F6701:** Bare-topped dress with matching stole. Sizes: 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6½ yds. 36in. material. Price, 4/9.

**F6702:** Informal party dress with boat-shaped neckline and full, graceful skirt. Sizes: 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36in. material and five-eighths yard 36in. contrast. Price, 3/6.

● Fashion Patterns may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.



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TRUE VIRGINIA FLAVOUR

## BUNIONS! THE CAUSE REACHED AND REMOVED

Some years ago, a clever French chemist perfected a Balm, the unique penetrative power of which enabled it to reach the root-cause of the bunion, to relieve the pain and to attack the distressing condition at its source. This Balm has been widely sold on the Continent as B.D. (Baume Dalet), and it is now available in this country. After two or three applications the agonising pain is subdued, the inflammation reduced. Gradually the hard growth between the joints is softened dissolved and dispersed, and the big toe is naturally enabled to regain its healthy size and position. B.D. (Baume Dalet) does more than give relief from pain; it acts directly on the cause, with the promise of permanent improvement. Give B.D. (Baume Dalet) an early trial. Obtainable 4/6 from all Chemists.



### A.M.

AUSTRALIA'S LEADING MONTHLY MAGAZINE  
FICTION - SPORT - ARTICLES  
AND COLOR PICTURES  
FIRST OF EVERY MONTH  
At all Newsagents and Bookstalls.

# Mandrake the Magician

**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, anchor their yacht near a south sea island. **PRINCESS NARDA:** Goes ashore with Mandrake. They are puzzled by the feeling of fear, which seems to be everywhere. Threatened by thugs,

they rush to the yacht, to find it gone. Later, the Governor tells them that thieves have taken over the island, disarmed the people, and reduced them to slavery. Before he can finish his story, two men enter and attack them. **NOW READ ON:**

AS THE GOVERNOR FALLS ACROSS THE TABLE MANDRAKE ATTACKS THE BRUTAL THUG, AND KNOCKS HIM OUT!



"QUITE A PUNCHER, AREN'T YOU?" LAUGHS THE OTHER THUG ACROSS THE ROOM. "TOO BAD YOU CAN'T REACH THIS FAR! WE'LL FIX YOU."



IN ANSWER, THE MAGICIAN GESTURES HYPNOTICALLY. A FIST SEEMS TO APPEAR IN MID-AIR ACROSS THE ROOM—IT SWINGS HARD, LANDING ON THE AMAZED THUG'S JAW—



BINDING THE THUGS, THEY CARRY THE AGED GOVERNOR TO A COUCH. "I MUST TRY TO LOCATE OUR STOLEN YACHT," SAYS MANDRAKE. "LOTHAR'S ON IT, MAYBE I CAN REACH HIM MENTALLY, BY TELEPATHY!"



ON THE DISTANT YACHT, LOTHAR IS SUDDENLY AWARE OF THE TELEPATHIC IMAGE OF THE MAGICIAN, AS MANDRAKE MAKES CONTACT!—"WHERE ARE YOU, LOTHAR?" A SILENT VOICE SEEMS TO SAY.



"ON YACHT, ON RIVER IN ISLAND, HAD BIG FIGHT, ME LOST, CHAINED TO DECK," REPLIES LOTHAR EAGERLY.—"WE MUST COME THAT GUY TOO HARD," LAUGH THE GUARDS. "LOOK AT HIM, HE'S TALKIN' TO HIMSELF!"



"SIT TIGHT, LOTHAR, I'LL FIND YOU!" THE IMAGE SEEMS TO TELL HIM.



AND AT THE GOVERNOR'S MANSION:—"LOTHAR AND THE CREW ARE PRISONERS ON THE YACHT, WHICH IS ON A RIVER. THIS MUST BE THE RIVER, IN THE CENTRE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THAT MYSTERIOUS FENCE."



TO BE CONTINUED



## It's more convenient

I find it's more convenient to pay household bills by Bank of New South Wales cheque. I draw my cheque for the exact amount and never have to worry about having the right small change. A properly drawn cheque is a receipt in itself, too, for it is held by the "Wales" for years after payment. So I know that if I mislay a receipt, I can still produce evidence of payment from my cheque account, if necessary.

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FIRST BANK IN AUSTRALIA

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On cuts and scratches, in the sick room from which infection may spread, for first aid and children's injuries, for feminine hygiene, use Dettol.

When you use Dettol you follow the example of most doctors, hospitals and nursing homes.



## DETTOL

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\* CLEANS FASTER!  
\* CLEANS EASIER!  
\* TESTS PROVE IT!

CHASES DIRT!





every day you will enjoy

# Arnott's

famous

## Biscuits

1952

1952	JANUARY				1952	1952	FEBRUARY				1952
Sun.	::	6	13	20	27	Sun.	::	3	10	17	24
Mon.	::	7	14	21	28	Mon.	::	4	11	18	25
Tues.	1	8	15	22	29	Tues.	::	5	12	19	26
Wed.	2	9	16	23	30	Wed.	::	6	13	20	27
Thurs.	3	10	17	24	31	Thurs.	::	7	14	21	28
Fri.	4	11	18	25	::	Fri.	1	8	15	22	29
Sat.	5	12	19	26	::	Sat.	2	9	16	23	::

1952	MARCH					1952	1952	APRIL					1952
Sun.	30	2	9	16	23	Sun.	::	6	13	20	27		
Mon.	31	3	10	17	24	Mon.	::	7	14	21	28		
Tues.	::	4	11	18	25	Tues.	1	8	15	22	29		
Wed.	::	5	12	19	26	Wed.	2	9	16	23	30		
Thurs.	::	6	13	20	27	Thurs.	3	10	17	24	::		
Fri.	::	7	14	21	28	Fri.	4	11	18	25	::		
Sat.	1	8	15	22	29	Sat.	5	12	19	26	::		

1952	MAY				1952	1952	JUNE				1952
Sun.	11	4	11	18	25	Sun.	1	8	15	22	29
Mon.	12	5	12	19	26	Mon.	2	9	16	23	30
Tues.	13	6	13	20	27	Tues.	3	10	17	24	31
Wed.	14	7	14	21	28	Wed.	4	11	18	25	
Thurs.	15	8	15	22	29	Thurs.	5	12	19	26	
Fri.	16	9	16	23	30	Fri.	6	13	20	27	
Sat.	17	10	17	24	31	Sat.	7	14	21	28	

1952	JULY				1952	1952	AUGUST				1952
Sun.	::	6	13	20	27	Sun.	31	3	10	17	24
Mon.	::	7	14	21	28	Mon.	::	4	11	18	25
Tues.	1	8	15	22	29	Tues.	::	5	12	19	26
Wed.	2	9	16	23	30	Wed.	::	6	13	20	27
Thurs.	3	10	17	24	31	Thurs.	::	7	14	21	28
Fri.	4	11	18	25	::	Fri.	1	8	15	22	29
Sat.	5	12	19	26	::	Sat.	2	9	16	23	30

1952	SEPTEMBER				1952	1952	OCTOBER				1952
Sun.	1	7	14	21	28	Sun.	1	5	12	19	26
Mon.	1	8	15	22	29	Mon.	1	6	13	20	27
Tues.	2	9	16	23	30	Tues.	1	7	14	21	28
Wed.	3	10	17	24	1	Wed.	1	8	15	22	29
Thurs.	4	11	18	25	1	Thurs.	2	9	16	23	30
Fri.	5	12	19	26	1	Fri.	3	10	17	24	31
Sat.	6	13	20	27	1	Sat.	4	11	18	25	1

1952	NOVEMBER				1952	1952	DECEMBER				1952
Sun.	30	2	9	16	23	Sun.	7	14	21	28	
Mon.	:	3	10	17	24	Mon.	1	8	15	22	29
Tues.	:	4	11	18	25	Tues.	2	9	16	23	30
Wed.	:	5	12	19	26	Wed.	3	10	17	24	31
Thurs.	:	6	13	20	27	Thurs.	4	11	18	25	:
Fri.	:	7	14	21	28	Fri.	5	12	19	26	:
Sat.	1	8	15	22	29	Sat.	6	13	20	27	:

### PUBLIC HOLIDAYS

New Year's Day	1st January	Foundation Day (W.A.), 2nd June	
Australia Day	28th January	King's Birthday (N.S.W. and Qld.)	
Labour Day (W.A.)	3rd March	June (Date to be proclaimed)	
Good Friday	11th April	6-Hour Day (N.S.W.), 6th October	
Easter Saturday	12th April	King's Birthday (W.A.), November	
Easter Monday	14th April	(Date to be proclaimed)	
Anzac Day	25th April	Christmas Day	25th December
Labour Day (Qld.)	5th May	Boxing Day	26th December

There is no Substitute for Quality.

R. Richardson